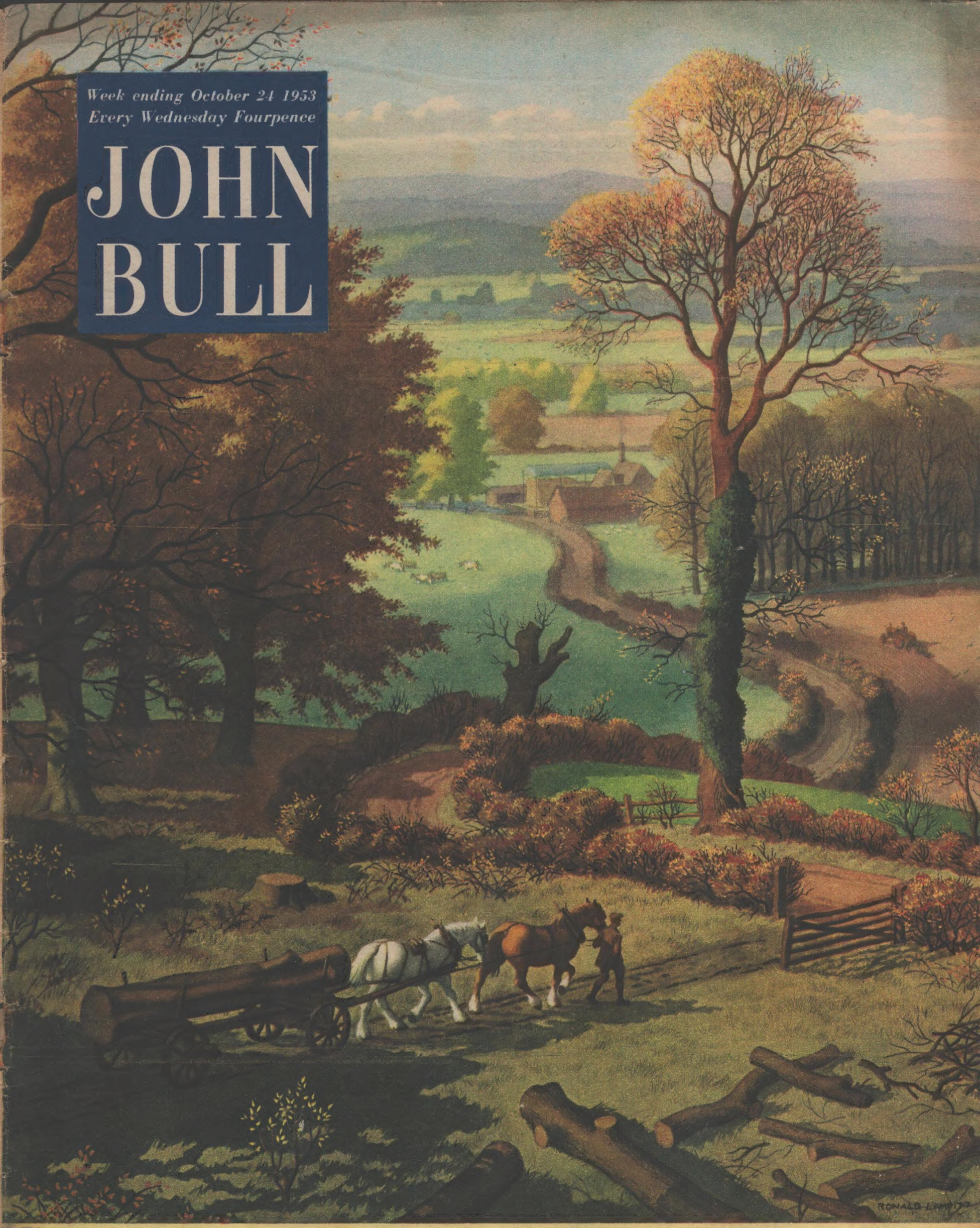
Week ending October 24 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



Lewis Cotlow's fascinating adventures begin this week **AMAZON HEADHUNTERS** | **HORNBLOWER** **C. S. Forester's grand new book**

Cook with Gracie Fields

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8 PAGE

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Woman

Out Thursday, Oct. 29

"Don't look now, Jack . . ." said GLYNIS JOHNS

". . . but I think there's a slight 'technical hitch' on the set."

"Very upsetting, Miss Johns," said the studio driver, Jack Jarvis.

"You don't sound very upset, not half as upset as the Director."

"Well, that's Life, as you might say. Something goes wrong with the works, so it has to be put right, so what?"

"So let's have a cigarette, Jack. Nothing like having a cigarette when things go wrong. In fact, there's nothing like a cigarette for putting things right, is there?"

"That's a fact, Miss Johns. Troubles go up in smoke, as you might say. . . . Thank you very much."

"I say, Jack . . . don't look now, but guess what the Director's doing?"

"I don't need to look to answer that one. He's smoking a Capstan, too, of course."

* * * *

"PERSONAL AFFAIR" (a J. Arthur Rank Organisation release) is Glynis Johns's new film in which she stars with Leo Genn and Gene Tierney.

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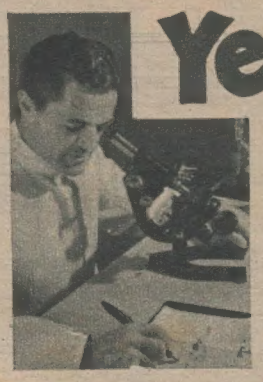
– they're made to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CC829K



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'Chloro-Yeast'

EDITORIAL

Drive ahead

As the Motor Show opens, we can look back on a year of achievement for British motoring. The Monte Carlo Rally was won for the first time by a British popular saloon, the Ford Zephyr. The Jowett Javelin won the Dutch Tulip Rally.

At the Le Mans road race the winning Jaguar set up a record average of more than 100 m.p.h.

Also on show at Earls Court is the Austin-Healey which broke more than a hundred records in Utah.

THE 1952 exports of the motor industry were a record £324,000,000—an eighth of our total exports. And there is hope that it will be exceeded this year in spite of the cut in imports by Australia and New Zealand.

MR. GRESHAM COOKE
"All motorists agree . . ."

Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, says: "In all modesty, I think we can say that motorists all over the world agree that British cars are as good as—if not better than—anything else on wheels."

The ordinary English motorist, too, has cause for pleasure. Supplies have greatly improved and the "covenant" has been scrapped.

And how good it is to see prices tumbling. There is still a delay for the most popular makes, but the tedium of waiting is relieved by this price trend.

Is it too much to hope that by the time orders given at this year's show are fulfilled small-car prices will be cut by another £100?

This might well be done by adopting the Continental principles of air-cooled engines, front-wheel drive or rear engines.

Sir Miles Thomas wants cheap cars stimulated by the abolition of purchase tax for all under £250.

But Mr. William Lyons, of Jaguar, told a TV audience that it would not be worth while making a £200 car. "If the project misfired it would be very serious for the sponsor."

SUCH timidity is not what we have come to expect from Britain's car leaders. As the first manufacturer to retool will discover, there is a vast market both here and overseas for a really inexpensive and economical British car.

The French with their 2-c.v. Citroën are leading that field at the moment. The world is waiting for Britain to open the throttle.

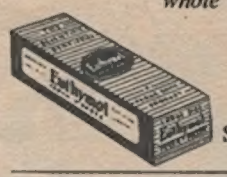
THIS WEEK'S COVER

BRITAIN was once thickly forested. But, after generations of clearance for farming, building the navy's "wooden walls," and the ravages of two world wars, she now has fewer trees than most other countries in Europe, and has to depend almost entirely on timber from abroad. Today, to make good the ravages of the past, the Forestry Commission is replanting. Logging, which Ronald Lampitt has depicted, is now strictly controlled.

still more and more people are using

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

Because Euthymol does more than just clean your teeth; it protects gum tissues, destroys bacteria that cause decay and mouth odours; it is a *complete toothpaste* that safeguards your *whole mouth.* Ask your Chemist's opinion of Euthymol



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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

OCTOBER 24, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2469 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Marriage—then and now

AFTER visiting my two married daughters or my daughter-in-law, I always return home feeling very conscious of the great differences between their lives today and mine as a young wife in the early 1920s.

All three girls married under twenty-four. They carry on with their jobs, live in the most inconvenient homes—houseboats or poky flats—and face life gaily with good joint salaries but hardly a penny in the bank. They plan their shopping, cooking and cleaning with science, skill and efficiency, and receive far more help from their husbands than ever I did. I left the office as a matter of course on marriage and moved straightway into a pleasant three-bedroom house. I tell my girls how much I would have liked the bustle of their lives. But they say that they would be glad of some of the calm and security which I enjoyed.—MRS. K. R. C. Y., Hull.

All For Sixpence

READING the letter from Mrs. S. M. C., who bought thirty articles at an auction sale for one shilling, I remembered a sixpenny bid which I made as a young bride. I netted only ten articles—a six-piece china dressing-table set, a cut-glass decanter, an Italian fruit dish and two animal paperweights—but their total value was quite £10. The paperweights alone were worth two guineas each. They were figures of mice in Doulton china, dated 1886 and signed by the artist.—MRS. G. FRANKLYN, Bramhope, near Leeds.

Come What May

IN an old motor manual, dated 1907, I found this list of tools and spares to be carried on the car: set of spanners, large and small adjustable spanners, gas pliers, flat cutters, large and small screwdrivers, large and small hammers, flat, round, half-round, small square and jeweller's files, small vice, wheel drawer, pin driver, tommy bar, cold chisel, hacksaw, valve-spring remover, soldering outfit, set of valve springs and cotters, set of piston rings, clutch spring, clutch leather, plugs, washers for joints, length of steel cable, carburettor float, two inner tubes, outer cover, jack, oil can, gearbox grease and fan belt. The book also listed nineteen "useful sundries." I am still trying to work out where the driver sat.—LAWRENCE REIDFORD, Newcastle upon Tyne, 6.

Airport Steak

AS a comment on your editorial on British catering (October 17), may I quote two examples of excellent service. Driving to London Airport recently, we stopped at a Melton Mowbray hotel at about half past two in the afternoon and asked for sandwiches to eat in the car. We were taken to a very pleasant dining-room and given ham sandwiches, dishes of raspberries and cream and a large pot of coffee. Our bill for all this came to only four and six. We dined later at the airport and the waiter suggested steak. When he saw that I was having a struggle with mine, he insisted on taking it away. He came back with a delicious fillet of steak and the chef's compliments.—MRS. D. S., Pudsey, Leeds.

Scots In Trousers

WHEN I read the "Free Speech" letter about the post-bus to Stirling, my first impulse was to thank you for the illustration. For once the rural Scots were correctly shown in trousers instead of the kilts in which they are habitually clothed by the Sassenach imagination. Then I noticed that the artist was Leslie Starke, himself a native of the Fife-shire town of Cupar. Starke's genius lies in his ability to produce extremely funny situations by giving a curious little twist to the most everyday happenings. Thank you for letting us see the world through his eyes.—G. M., Perthshire.

. . . During a visit to Tregaron in Cardiganshire, I met a postman who collects and delivers mail on horseback. He makes his thirty-mile round three times a week, calling at seven mountain farms and two shepherds' cottages. — C. DOUGLAS BROWN, Reddings, Southminster, Essex.'

Three complete stories in JOHN BULL next week

See page 20

Admiration

ON the conclusion of *Above Us The Waves*, one of the finest war-serials I have ever read, may I—as a German ex-submariner—express my admiration of the crews of the midgets and thank the authors, Charles Warren and James Benson, for the brilliantly written account of their exploits. Incidentally, I was with the Eleventh U-boat Flotilla in Bergen and I can well understand the extreme difficulties encountered by the X24 in entering the port and leaving it undetected. This midget should also have a U-boat to her credit, for, if I remember correctly, there was one laid up in the floating dock when it was attacked and sunk.—H. F. K. GUSKE, Bitterne Park, Southampton.

Without Tears

A SCHOOLTEACHER friend of mine makes use of the football season to stimulate his class to a new enthusiasm for geography. The boys follow their local league teams on a blank map, marking in the names of the towns where they play and tracing their cross-country journeys in coloured pencil.—R. N., Nottinghamshire.

Petula Arrives

MRS. J. S.'s letter about cows calving out of doors reminded me of an incident at a Cub camp I attended with my husband. One morning a boy rushed up to us and said: "Come and see—a cow in the field has just had a baby." We dashed out and found about a dozen boys watching a newly born calf trying to rise. The boys had seen the birth from the start and were very interested. I was surprised by their calm, matter-of-fact

Continued on page 6

Both these men are 35!

Strong hair, growing strongly. An asset too readily taken for granted. Why has he been so favoured?

This man's hair has always been thin and brittle. And he has always been sensitive about it. Can anything be done?

People so often guess a man's age by his hair

WHY SHOULDN'T WE PUT THINGS BLUNTLY. Thinning hair puts 10 years on a man's age—and is taken to be a sign of failing powers. Grossly unfair? Yes. A first impression. But an impression that too often remains. And understandably; for a fine head of hair is a sign of admirable self-respect; and all the more so because the health of your hair is no longer entirely a matter of chance, it is much more a matter of science. Nowadays there is less and less excuse for unhealthy hair.

NEW, LIVING HAIR

The hair that you see in your mirror is dead—no more living than the tips of your fingernails. But, on a healthy scalp, every hair is constantly being replaced by new, living hair, growing outwards from the true growing point of the hair known as the 'papilla' or hair root.

Because hair grows, hair must be fed. When you think of it, that is obvious enough. To the papilla, a tiny blood vessel brings the material necessary for building hair, and keeping it in good health. If this nourishment fails, the hair will fall out *and will not grow again!* But what is the hair's food, and where does it come from?

Drawing based on a photo-micrograph clearly showing the hair 'root' which must receive regular nourishment if the hair is to grow.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW?

Here is the most up-to-date picture. Hair, like a large part of all living matter, is formed from protein. What is protein? It is an organic substance made up of small units called amino-acids.

New hair consists of a special kind of protein called *Keratin*. And *Keratin*, in its turn, is built from as many as 18 different amino-acids. Your hair roots must receive a constant supply of *all* these amino-acids, if your hair is to grow and be healthy.

Under perfect conditions your body supplies these hair-forming substances. But if you are not in perfect health (and who is?) then these substances may be in short supply. And your hair begins to suffer. Many people, of course, never *have* had enough hair-forming substances. They suffer from a 'natural' shortage. In both these circumstances the scientific treatment is to supply extra amino-acids *from outside the body*. This can be done by massaging into the scalp the substance called Silvikrin. What is Silvikrin?

THE SECRET OF SILVIKRIN

A few drops of Silvikrin contain the building units of millions of healthy hair cells. For Silvikrin contains in an active state all the substances of which hair is formed: tryptophane, lysine, histidine, phenylalanine, leucine, isoleucine, methionine, valine, threonine, arginine, cystine, tyrosine, proline, serine, aspartic acid, glutamic acid, glycine and alanine. Massaged into the scalp, these substances directly nourish the hair roots. That is why Silvikrin is the hair's natural food.

You can buy Silvikrin in the exact form to meet your particular need: a concentrated solution for thinning hair and severe dandruff is known as Pure Silvikrin. There is also Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion for daily massage, and Silvikrin Lotion with Oil—the modern form of tonic dressing.

Silvikrin Laboratories also manufacture shampoos which are an essential part of the Silvikrin method of hair care.

The full, often startling benefit of Silvikrin cannot be achieved in a few days or even weeks. For Silvikrin is a scientific, bio-chemical treatment which aims at a *fundamental* improvement in your hair health. Silvikrin products, used regularly, improve the texture, appearance and health of your hair.

When you need Silvikrin

DANDRUFF

Shampoo your hair weekly with a *Silvikrin shampoo*. Massage the scalp, for at least two minutes night and morning, with *Silvikrin Lotion with Oil*. In severe cases use *Pure Silvikrin*.

OILY SCALP

Keep your scalp *really* clean with a *Silvikrin shampoo*. Massage for two minutes night and morning with *Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion*.

THINNING HAIR

Apply *Pure Silvikrin* night and morning, with the addition of a little *Silvikrin Lotion with Oil* if the hair is dry, or *Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion* if the scalp is rather too oily.

Pure Silvikrin 11/3. Silvikrin Lotion with Oil and Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion both 2/6 and 4/4½. Silvikrin Hair Cream 4/-. Silvikrin Shampoos: Powder 4½d. Liquid 1/5. Cream 1/5 and 2/3

SP.18

M&D CREAM CRACKERS

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14½ oz. Jar 1s. 6½d.

I love mince tart at any season ...

ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT

SEE THE NEW PRICE NOW ONLY 1/6½ is the reason!

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

attitude. They accepted nature's teaching the right way, and I am sure that the episode did them good. They asked the farmer to call the calf Peter, after a boy who was celebrating his birthday. He could not oblige—the calf was female. But he called it Petula.—MRS. E. PEACOCK, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

Forester's Advice

I WAS very pleased to read that C. S. Forester's Hornblower story will be followed in your future fiction programme by novels by Hammond Innes, Victor Canning and David Divine. During the eight years that I was in charge of a library, I met all four of these famous authors personally. One day I was trying to plan a short story when a man asked me what I was writing. I explained, and he said: "Let me give you a few tips." He handed me his card when he left. Not till then did I realize that he was Mr. Forester.—MRS. A. SOUTHGATE, Hendon Street, Brighton, Sussex.

. . . How old is C. S. Forester? From his superb Hornblower story I can only assume that he travelled on a canal boat from Gloucester to London in 1805 and was "among those present" at Nelson's funeral.—B. J. MUNSLOW, Devon.

C. S. Forester was born in 1899. His novel, "Hornblower Of The Atropos," is continued on page 23.

Out Of The Rut

I QUITE appreciate the feelings of your correspondent K. C., who gave up a good, safe, pensionable job because he was not happy in his work. From the time when I left school until 1939, when I was called up with the Territorial Army, I worked in an accountant's office. In 1945 I went back there, but I could not settle. After a year I bought a neglected drapery business. My wife and I had no experience of this kind, but we built it up for five years until we were making quite handsome profits. Then, a year ago, we sold out. Now we have found happiness—if not wealth—on a smallholding on a Welsh hillside.—S. CROMPTON, Earlswood, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire.

L For Safety

WHILE out in the car recently we passed a boy of about ten, riding a bicycle which was obviously new. I noticed that he had "L" plates prominently displayed. His father's idea, no doubt—and a very good one. Perhaps other parents could follow this example. It must take a child some time to master a new machine. If he were marked as a learner during that period, other road-users could take especial care while they were near him. — MRS. E. W., Hampshire.

Great Gusto

JOHN IRWIN, the TV producer (JOHN BULL, October 3) was once the master of Prep. B at Wesley College, Dublin, where his father was headmaster. He was unorthodox even then. One day he saw me quietly eating a sweet in class. He dived on my school bag, took out all my sweets, and ate them up with great gusto. The next day he made amends by bringing a supply of sweets for all the children. — MRS. KAY KENNEDY, Dunmurry, Belfast.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Young Harding At School

I WAS delighted to read in Gilbert Harding's life story, *Along My Line*, that he attended the "Blue" school at Hereford. I was a pupil there before the first World War and I have many memories of the headmaster, "Billy" Caldwell, who is shown in this picture with the junior class. The photograph was taken after I had left the school; I believe that Mr. Harding is in the group. — R. C. PARSONS, Treorchy, Glamorganshire.

Harding, wearing a jersey, is on the right of the picture, in the third desk from the front. "It was an intelligent school which might well be copied today. I learned a great deal there," he recalls.

. . . Who wants to know the life story of a bumptious, cantankerous old bore?—E. FRAY, Farnworth, Lancashire.

. . . I have many happy recollections of a childhood spent getting into mischief in company with Gilbert Harding. My father, who now lives with me, is the Mr. Sanford referred to in Part 1 of *Along My Line*. He was the head gardener at the Union Workhouse at Hereford, where Gilbert was born.—MRS. A. HAINES, Fownhope, Hereford.

. . . Why does Gilbert Harding dislike the expression "Pleased to meet you"? After seeing him on TV, I should be very pleased to meet Mr. Harding, and I know I would put my pleasure into the appropriate words. People who mumble "How do you do?" are not a bit interested in the answer to their question. — G. S., Sheffield.

Gilbert Harding says: "I am sure that 'Pleased to meet you' often means nothing at all. I say 'How do you do?', which is in every way preferable, for the same reason that I say 'What?' instead of 'Pardon'." This week's instalment of "Along My Line" begins on page 14.

MORE THAN JUST WHITE—SPOTLESS!

That sheet is spotless because Mummy boiled it in Surf. That's why she's so happy—every spot and stain came out. And what's more, Surf made a wonderful job of the coloureds too. Washday has been a complete success. Everything is spotless—because Surf is the first complete detergent.

JUST LOOK AT THE SHEET in this picture. Spotless—after one good boil in Surf. And that's where Surf has an enormous advantage over other detergents. *You can boil in Surf!* That's what makes Surf the world's first complete detergent.

WITH SURF IN THE COPPER every trace of dirt rolls out. Stains vanish. Surf gives a spotless boil . . . all your white things come out spotlessly white. See how Surf deals with babies' nappies, and you'll know. They come out of a Surf boil snowy white, yet soft enough, cuddly enough to make baby coo with delight.

COLOURED THINGS love a Surf wash too. Surf brings up all their true colours and wins back their original gayness and freshness even if they're no longer new.

AND THOUSANDS OF HAPPY WOMEN who use Surf every week will tell you that Surf makes water soft as rain to your hands. Next washday, try Surf. Everything—your coloureds as well as whites—will be spotless, because Surf is the world's first complete detergent. Family size 1/11d, Handy size only 1/-.

For a Spotless Boil you need Surf

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE DETERGENT

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Tigers on the carpet

. . . When we'd played Canasta, Dan started to tell us about India. We laughed at first ; but I grabbed Tony when Dan showed us how a tiger stalks, all fours on the carpet. It seemed so real . . . I was a decoy goat—and when the tiger sprang he nearly knocked Mother's tray of chocolate over! Mm . . . we all clutched those *delicious* cups, and Dan told us a real Indian ghost story. Lovely end to a marvellous evening.

Drinking Chocolate that's really chocolatey ; that's Cadbury's. It's perfectly simple to make. Just add three teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk ; stir ; it's ready!

1/5 a half pound tin

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

The warm-hearted drink

LEWIS COTLOW, famous explorer-cameraman, begins the startling story of his adventures among the most savage people in the world

FIFTY-TWO YEAR OLD Lewis Cotlow leads a double life. One is that of a prosperous New York insurance broker with a comfortable Park Avenue flat; the other is of an intrepid adventurer with an insatiable curiosity about people and the way they live.

This curiosity led Cotlow—a director of the famous Explorers' Club—to make three long, hazardous trips into the wild upper reaches of the Amazon. His objective was to study and film the lives of South America's twenty thousand Jivaro headhunters, and to answer a riddle: what makes a man cut off another's head, shrink it to fist-size, and dance round it?

Here is his amazing story, illustrated with remarkable photographs from the film of Cotlow's Amazon expeditions. Called *Jungle Headhunters*, it is distributed by RKO Radio Pictures and will be generally released soon.

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

WHY DOES A MAN cut off another man's head, shrink it to the size of his fist, and then dance around it? To learn the answer, I had flown a comfortable seven thousand miles from New York to Lima, held my breath while a single-engined plane picked its way hesitantly through and over Andean peaks, urged a seaplane over stretches of jungle between bends of the upper Amazon, and cheered a straining launch against the gathered waters of the mountains as they plunged through the Pongo de Manseriche and headed for the Atlantic, three thousand miles away.

We had successfully skirted the gorge's two greatest whirlpools, named by the Indians Atun Huacangui (Thou Shalt Weep Greatly) and Asua Huacangui (Thou Shalt Weep Bitterly), and pushed up the Santiago River about sixty miles. Now I was walking along a jungle path chosen by my *mestizo* guide at a point along the green-walled river that looked to me exactly like every other point. The half-breed said it was a path, but I saw no signs of travel on the rotting vegetation beneath my feet. The tangled growth ahead looked just as thick as that on either side before he cut through it with a machete.

I followed, carrying an ancient movie camera that I was not yet sure would work. Unluckily, my own camera had been dropped in a river on my way through Peru. The present one I had managed to borrow from a trader. It was old, but I had no option but to use it. Behind me ambled two bearers with equipment, including gifts that I hoped would please the people I was about to visit, the Jivaro Indians—the men who cut off heads.

I trudged up a hill, keeping my eyes on the broad, leathery, bare feet of the guide. In the Jivaro country, the earth, which has lain flat and even throughout most of the Amazon basin, begins hunching itself up into rolling hillocks, as if preparing for its mighty leap upward to the 20,000-foot peaks of the Andes, just a few miles to the west. I was walking up and down almost as much as forward; the sweat streamed down my face and neck, occasionally engulfing some of the smaller insects that swarmed in for a bite.

A sudden chattering and scolding from the branches above startled me, and I stopped for a moment to watch a troupe of reddish-brown howler monkeys scatter, turning occasionally to glare venomously and squeak indignant protests at having been disturbed. As I looked up, my eye was caught by a splash of red, a welcome sight after the monotony of green—light green, dark green, medium

A head for a head is the law among feuding Jivaros. So an enemy clan is raided ; the victim's head cut off and shrunk. Then comes the gruesome climax–

green, glossy green, dull green, but always green. It was an orchid exploring for sunlight near the tops of the mighty trees. As we walked on, I saw other darting spots of bright colour—toucans, parakeets and blue-and-yellow macaws that squawked at us in not unfriendly tones.

We had been walking about an hour and a half when suddenly I stepped into nothingness. One moment my feet were on the good solid earth. The next instant they were treading air, kicking for a footing that didn't exist. As I crashed downward, I felt a sharp blow against my right leg, another against my side; I heard cloth tearing and the crunch of breaking wood.

Stinging Bites Of Red Ants

Sprawled awkwardly at the bottom of a pit about four feet deep and three feet square, I looked up to see the three frightened faces of my guide and bearers peering down at me. I sat still for a moment while my heart, diaphragm and abdominal organs found their way back to their accustomed places, but when I felt the stinging bites of the red ants crawling up my arm I scrambled to my feet without wondering whether I could do it or not. José, my guide, pulled me from the pit and I looked myself over. No broken bones. Not even a sprained ankle. My right trouser leg was ripped about six inches, revealing scraped skin but no blood.

José lay flat on the ground and fished with a stick for my hat, that sat jauntily on top of a broken lance. When he had retrieved it, I examined the pit. Three hardwood lances with very sharp points had been embedded in the bottom, points upward. They had poked and scratched me, but had broken under my weight. José looked worried, however, and got one of the broken lances for examination, scrutinizing the sharp end closely. He smiled and handed it to me.

"Old—very old," he said. "The poison is no good any more."

I hadn't thought of that, although I should have. Books had told me about these Jivaro mantraps, with lance-ends dipped in curare. The *mesertinyu whua*, or hole of death, was dug on a path along which a clan might expect attackers to come. Covered with twigs and leaves, it was almost impossible to detect, especially at night when most Jivaros stage their raids. As in our more civilized wars, every defence is countered by a new offensive method. Most Jivaros had learned long ago to keep away from unfamiliar paths when spying or raiding, but an unwary enemy was still caught occasionally.

I knew this deadfall trap must be quite old, as José indicated, because the lances had broken. They were made of the tough chonta palm, almost as hard as iron, but there was evidence of some rotting around the base. Still, they might have pierced the foot of an unshod Indian. Fortunately, my heavy boots and clothes had protected me.

A Footstep To Death

For a moment I wondered if we might walk into a *tambunchi* trap, too—eight short chonta spikes fixed to a strong sapling bent back like a bow and secured by a thin liana. Another connecting liana on the ground releases the spring when a trespasser's foot touches it, and the spikes tear into his face or chest. Then I concluded that any such trap would probably be as old as the pit, and the liana would long since have rotted.

We pulled ourselves together and resumed our journey, but I noticed that even José walked a bit more cautiously and that his eyes constantly darted from path to trees and back to path again. He appeared puzzled, too, and hesitated

the victory dance around the grim trophy

once or twice as if uncertain of where to go next. "Path not used for a long time," he said, shaking his head. "But Cajeke's *jivaria* is close now."

He stepped forward again, but I didn't feel sure that he knew where we were. Before I had a chance to worry much, however, I saw the faintest hint of light ahead—and that meant a clearing. José saw it, too, and took up the call of *"Whe-dee! Whe-dee!"* ("I come! I come!") that would tell our unexpectant hosts that friends were arriving.

I joined in with fervent *whe-dee's* of my own. The time of greatest danger in dealing with a hostile group is the first moment of contact. Indeed, the hostility may come flying through the air as a bullet or arrow even before you think you have made contact, as the natives are sure to have heard the crashing, bumbling approach of the white stranger long before he sees or hears them. In the case of the Jivaros, shouting "I come! I come!" was a reasonably sure safety device. Plenty of Jivaros dislike white men, but they are worried primarily about other Jivaro enemies, who never announce their approach but prefer to creep silently in the night.

José slowed down appreciably as we mounted the rising ground towards the clearing, but I was right on his heels, looking over his shoulder eagerly for my first sight of headhunters, expecting to see a cluster of men with ready weapons, with women and children peeping around and between them.

Instead, there was no one. I stood at the edge of the clearing, which was fast becoming so overgrown that it would soon cease to be a clearing at all. Near the centre of the three- or four-acre area stood the *jivaria*, or *hea*, communal house of an Indian family—or rather, family with numerous accretions. There is no such thing as a village among the Jivaros, or among most of the South American Indian tribes. A family or clan group of perhaps thirty people lives in its own *jivaria*, cultivates its own fields. The next *jivaria*, occupied by a family of the same tribe, may be four or five miles away.

Behind The Closed Door

I walked towards the house, and the others followed me. The *jivaria* was about sixty feet long and thirty-five or forty feet wide, with parallel sides and rounded ends forming a well-proportioned elliptical shape. The walls, made of tough chonta poles embedded in the ground and lashed together with lianas, were about ten feet high. The roof, sloping down from a centre ridgepole, was thickly thatched with palm leaves and extended over the walls, making eaves about two feet deep. I could see a narrow door at the end nearest me. It was closed tight.

"Are they inside?" I asked José. "Why don't they come out?"

"They have gone," José said sadly. "Cajeke is dead!"

I knew that Cajeke was the *curaka*, or chief of the clan—although chief is not quite the right word for a Jivaro head of the family, as it suggests too much the ruler. José knew Cajeke and his family, he had told me. How could he know that Cajeke was dead?

José swept his arm around the overgrown clearing, at what looked like a field of yuca off to the right. "They have gone," he said. "You can see they have not lived here for months. That explains the unused trail, the old abandoned trap. There is only one reason they would go away from this good house, these good fields. Cajeke has died. He is in the house. And his people built another house somewhere else."

"Cajeke is in this house?" I asked.

"Yes, they would leave him in the house," José said. "These Huambisas do not bury their dead. They pay no attention to the missionaries. I am Christian. I believe in burying the dead, but not these. They still do things as Jivaros have always done them."

"Let's look," I said, and walked towards the house.

Musty Smell Of Decay

As I approached the door, braced with two big stones at the bottom, I saw that strange figures of humans and animals were scrawled on it—to ward off evil spirits that might come to annoy the soul of Cajeke. José and the bearers, I noticed, had hung back.

"You need not come if you don't want to," I said. "And I'll fix the door again when I've finished looking inside."

José appeared to be relieved. I moved the two stones, then had quite a struggle with the heavy door before I could get it open. I stepped inside. It seemed as if I had stepped back into the twilight of the jungle, and my eyes needed a few minutes to adjust themselves to the light that filtered into the house between the upright poles forming the walls. My nostrils twitched against a musty smell of decay.

First I saw, near the walls on each side, the wide platforms that served as beds. Next the tall chonta trunks that supported the ridgepole of the house. And then I saw Cajeke. I could not see the *curaka* himself, but I knew that he must be inside the canoe that hung on end from the roof. The top of the canoe had been covered with bark and palm leaves, tied in place with vines, so the body was completely enclosed. I knew that some Jivaros put the bodies in hollowed-out logs, others in a kind of bamboo coffin; but no matter what the receptacle, it was usually hung from the roof of the *jivaria*—a chief in an upright position, an ordinary man in horizontal position. Cajeke slept upright.

I stepped closer to the covered canoe and saw the pottery jars, from which a squirrel whisked away in fright. Here Cajeke's family had left food for him, and *nijimanche*, the fermented manioc beer that is the staff of life for all headhunters. Tied to the upright nearest Cajeke's coffin stood his blowpipe, and suspended from hooks were the sheaf of darts, the gourd of cotton, and the small gourd of poison. Near at hand was the dead warrior's lance. I saw no shield, but I knew that some Jivaro tribes no longer used them.

House Had Been Stripped

By this time I could see well in the dim light. At the far end of the house I saw other platform beds, partially enclosed with bamboo walls. These were the beds in the women's sections, and that door at the other end was for the women. I had come through the men's entrance. There was little else to see—a bench or two, the cold, grey ashes at the ends of three logs arranged like the spokes of a wheel. The rest of the house had been stripped. It was clean and neat, the hard-packed earth floor appearing to have been swept

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A mantrap guarding a trail to a Jivaro hut. Spikes are fixed to a sapling which is bent back like a bow. When an enemy's foot touches off a release spring, the spikes tear forward

THIS HORSE IS DANGEROUS

by ***SHEELAGH PARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

It was supposed to be safe. Susie knew that. She didn't want to be silly—but she was frightened . . .

JOE WAS THE LAST into the main ring. Going in third or fourth brought him better luck as a rule, but this time his father wouldn't allow it.

"Now don't push him, Joe." One hand on the big chestnut colt's bridle, J. C. looked up at his son and spoke quietly. "Just let him take his time. The ones ahead will keep him moving on."

Joe nodded. He was sitting the colt warily, his reins slightly shorter than J. C. approved for showing. The stirrups were uncomfortably long, and he perched uneasily on the straight-cut show saddle. There was no room for your knees on one of these wretched things. Nothing to wedge under or behind if a horse played you up in the ring. Riding one was like trying to grip a pencil with a pair of scissors.

"It's up to you, then," J. C. said, releasing the bridle. "There's nothing here today to touch this colt, if he gets a fair chance."

And that meant, Joe thought, that he was expected to pull off a first.

Now they were trotting on, and the grey just ahead was trying to make trouble already, trying to break into a canter all the time and going crab-wise round the ring.

Joe pulled the colt back almost to a walk to keep his distance. He wanted plenty of room for the judge to see him against a good background, and if he hadn't ground enough to get on a bit the colt would have no chance to put his toe out. J. C. always said you could win or lose a class at the trot, and Joe knew that was true enough. No judge would leave out a good-looking horse that could move right out from the shoulder. Not just trotting as fast as possible with his knees all bent up like the butcher's pony delivering the meat, but really working his shoulders freely with his knees straight and his hocks flexing nicely under him. "Patting butterflies" one of the old-timers used to call it.

And my word, Joe thought, the colt could do it, too, if he only had the chance. Joe could see him going round the school at home with little Susie up; one-two, one-two, and his front legs swinging out straight and smooth from the shoulder so that you could stand in front of him and see the undersides of his hooves.

A lad from Leachey's stables was riding the grey ahead, and J. C. had warned Joe to watch him. Just as you had to watch Leachey himself, if you had dealings with him. J. C. bought an occasional horse from Leachey—the jumper Joe was going to ride that afternoon had just come down from him—but you had to be careful, because Leachey was a bit of a twister. . . .

Now they were coming into the judge's line of vision, and Joe made up his mind to stop messing about and send the colt on past the grey ahead to get his run. But no sooner had he done so than he knew he'd made the mistake of giving Leachey's chap the opportunity he'd been angling for ever since they'd come into the ring. The grey followed up instantly and jammed close up to the chestnut on the inside, as if by accident, screening the colt from the judge. And the colt wouldn't trot right out and shake him off. He was too green to have another horse right up on his tail like that, and he moved choppily, trying to hump his back and let fly with both hind legs at his tormentor.

"Canter on, please." The steward was waving them on for the second time. Joe tried to hold back and force the grey ahead again, but the steward was becoming impatient. "Canter on there with the chestnut!" he ordered sharply.

They did a whole circle of the ring almost locked together, with the grey bumping and snatching, and the chestnut's nerves fraying out every minute. Then, just as the steward waved them on into a gallop, the lad on the grey dropped his hands and went past the chestnut as if it was standing still.

By this time Joe was having a really rough ride. The colt was boring at his bit and tossing his head wildly. And then, as Joe tried to hold him back for just a second or two to let the grey get clear, he chucked his head up and caught the boy a painful blow on the nose.

"Stop that, damn you!" Joe said sharply. And he gave the colt a couple up the ribs to stop him messing about.

That did it. The chestnut didn't so much buck as explode into action. He threw himself forwards and downwards with his neck and back arched in a wicked curve, and hit the ground with stiff forelegs in a jarring, wrenching effort to get enough rein to put his head between his knees.

PERCHED on the show saddle, riding more by balance than grip, Joe was helpless. The earth rocked and heaved as the chestnut frantically tried to get rid of the angry weight on his back. But Joe somehow managed to stick on until the leaders came tearing round again, when the colt, caught in their mad gallop, suddenly stuck his nose out and bolted.

Leachey's grey was pulled in fifth. The colt was left right out of it. The judge tried all the others, but not the colt. The judge had been a notable horseman in his time, but his rough-riding days were over. He just stood back and looked at the young chestnut, felt down his fine, clean legs and give him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"Sorry, son," he said kindly to Joe. "This

Joe stared up at his sister. "You don't want

fellow's a bit green for the job yet. Tell your dad he'll be a great horse in a little while."

Which wouldn't please J. C. much, Joe thought ruefully, as he trotted soberly out of the ring with the rubbish while the leading four horses swept gaily round with their bright rosettes. Judges had a convenient way of ignoring that a dealer lived by his turnover. Joe knew his father was going to be very angry about that morning's performance.

Joe found him round by the box, putting Susie up on Copperplate for the 14.2 class. He pulled the colt up and slipped off.

"Sorry about that," he said nervously. "I'm afraid I didn't watch Leachey's boy closely enough. He caught me for a sucker all right."

J. C. grunted. He kept his back turned to Joe, ostentatiously fiddling with Copper's curb-chain. He hardly seemed to have heard.

Hell! Joe thought. If he didn't do something now to precipitate a row, J. C. would be like that all day, just sulking. Much better have a bust-up and get it over.

Joe kicked a pebble with his toe. "I couldn't help it if he bucked," he said.

That was enough. J. C. didn't like excuses; and certainly not excuses that blamed his horses. He straightened up and turned round. He was a big, powerful man, going a little to seed but still impressively built.

"Leachey's a twister, as you know perfectly

to jump? What on earth's the matter?" Susie sat tense and pale on the piebald horse. "There's something wrong," she whispered. "I can feel it"

well," he said. "But you're a fool, Joe, and of the two I'd almost sooner deal with a twister. Good lord—you've ridden in classes for me since you were six, and all you can say now is 'I couldn't help it if he bucked!'" J. C. mimicked Joe in a deliberate falsetto, and the boy felt himself growing angry against his will. His father always got him on the raw like this, pretending to forget that Joe was seventeen and nearly grown up.

"Joe, why didn't you just let the colt go on with the others?" That was thirteen-year-old Susie, nearly in tears. She loved the colt. "He only wanted to get to them. He's not a bit nappy."

"Oh, shut up," Joe said roughly.

"Why should she?" J. C. said, bitingly. "She's a right to criticize—she could have ridden that class a damned sight better than you did."

"Good," said Joe. "Let her try the jumps this afternoon, then."

His father went very silent. Then: "That's a good idea," he said evenly. He turned to Susie. "Susie, you're always on at me to let you jump, so you can take Magpie this afternoon. I can't afford to have that class bungled, too. Not with Everton waiting to buy."

He swung round and confronted Joe.

"Now I know why you're so crazy about getting a stinking motor-bike," he said. "It's about all you're fit for. It takes intelligence to ride a horse." And with that, he turned abruptly on his heel and strode off, a lonely and somehow defeated figure.

"Joe," Susie said miserably. "Oh, Joe, I wish you hadn't upset him so."

Joe stood staring uncertainly after his father. The row had gone much too far, and he was already bitterly regretting what he'd said. In his wretchedness he lashed out at Susie. "What are you moaning about?" he said savagely. "You've got what you wanted, haven't you?"

Susie stared at him in astonishment. Then her cheeks flamed as though she had been struck.

"I—oh, I think you're perfectly horrid!" she burst out. And she cantered off. Her hair flew out defiantly, but her eyes were brimming with tears.

So things had gone from bad to worse. Joe had upset Susie now as well as his father—and he'd be lucky if he ever got a motor-bike. He went wandering miserably off alone.

To own a motor-bike had been the dream of Joe's young life, and until a very little while ago it had looked as though that dream was at last coming true. After a lot of pressure, J. C. had almost come around to saying he could have one. If things had gone well that day, the scale might easily have tipped in Joe's favour. But now it was hopeless.

He walked back morosely to the box. Susie was there, sitting on the new jumper, looking rather subdued.

"Joe—thank goodness you're here," she said. "Where's J. C.?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Joe said.

"Joe—please help me. I must find him!"

"What's the hurry?" he asked.

"Because I don't want to jump Magpie."

Joe stared up at his sister. "You don't want to jump? Why not? What on earth's the matter now? You've been pestering about it for weeks, haven't you?"

Susie was tense and pale. She looked beseechingly at Joe. In a very small voice she said: "I'm just frightened, that's all."

Joe hooted derisively.

"Now look, kid—just tell that to some other fellow, will you?" he said.

"But I am, Joe! There's something wrong with this one. I can feel it. He keeps going all funny. Sort of slack and stubborn together."

"He looks all right now," Joe said, not at all convinced that Susie was serious. "Walk him round and let me see."

Susie touched Magpie with her heel and the piebald horse moved off promptly. She rode him in a close circle, first at a walk and then at a canter.

"It's no good," she said, pulling up again

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ALONG MY LINE (5) by Gilbert Harding

P.C. Harding—the misfit of the force

Gilbert pounded his beat—hating the uniform, fuming at the regulations. And to his disgust a reveller cheerfully announced: "This feller isn't a copper at all"

MONOTONOUSLY POUNDING a policeman's beat around the outskirts of Bradford during the unspeakably dreary hours between midnight and eight o'clock can be wearing to anyone's temper, especially to a restless young man of twenty-five, as I then was. But I found it infinitely preferable to teaching at small private schools—my sole means of earning a living after leaving Cambridge. Yet my temper was not always at its best—not even in the uniform of P.C. 255.

Although I had been invited by the deputy chief constable to join the force, I was still a very raw recruit. I remember how once, about an hour before dawn, a party of revellers in a car stopped and asked me to put them on the right road to Leeds. Happening to be in a fairly unfamiliar district myself I was not at all sure about the directions. Just as I was working these out, one of the merrymakers peered from the car and said:

"You know something, lads? This feller isn't a copper at all." I pretended to ignore this.

"No wonder the blighter doesn't know the way," said another inebriate.

"No kidding, pal," the driver said to me. "What do you think you're playing at, all togged up in that copper's outfit?"

"Ee, have you been to a fancy-dress ball, luv?" asked one of the womenfolk.

"You get back in't car," warned a protective voice, and she was pulled back from the open window. "He might be a lunatic."

"Don't talk such absolute rubbish," I snapped.

"Hark at the way he talks," one of my tormentors jeered. "All lah-de-dah."

Tried To Tug His Moustache

My mind was torn between the hope that a fellow constable would come to my rescue and the fear of his catching me in this predicament if he did.

"Come on, kids, we're wasting our time with this chap," another woman's voice said. "You're right," replied the driver. "He's much too fat to be a copper."

Just then, one of the inebriates leaned out in an attempt to tug my moustache. Floundering and shouting, "Let's see if it's real or not," he almost fell out on to the pavement.

This would not do at all. Pushing the man back into the car, I told the driver: "I'll give you exactly five seconds to get to blazes on your way. If you don't step on it I'll arrest the lot of you."

My voice must have carried some conviction, for without another word the driver started his engine. I puffed out my chest and thought I had done pretty well, after all. But as the car began to move off I heard one of the women say querulously:

"That chap must have had a rare old do at that fancy-dress party. He's raving drunk!"

One of my tasks was to "try off" property. That means testing doors and lock-up premises for any insecurity. If any door were unlocked, then back I would have to trudge to the nearest police box to discover the owner of the premises. Then I would telephone him and tell him to come and make his place secure.

This always struck me as an appalling waste of time. People who were careless enough to leave their property unfastened at night deserved anything that was coming to them, thought I. So after two or three beats, during which I found everything safely locked and barred, I just went on my blithe way, gazing up from time to time at the heavenly bodies winking in their dark canopy. One night, a tap on the shoulder interrupted my aesthetic contemplation.

Gilbert's Solitary Arrest

"Now then, me lad," said a thick-set police sergeant. "You can gaze at all the stars you want on your night off. Anything to report?"

"Nothing, Sergeant."

"Have you tried off all the property on this beat?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Then what in the name of blue tarnation is that warehouse doing with its front door undone?" roared the sergeant.

Grabbing me by the arm, the infuriated officer propelled me like a felon to the scene of my crime. Fortunately, nobody had broken in, and I escaped being "put on a fizzer," which meant being reported to the chief constable with the possibility of being fined.

During my entire police career I made only one arrest, and that was with the help of someone else. There was in Bradford in those days a one-legged man who was an inveterate drunk. He was known everywhere as "Crutchy," because he walked with a crutch which, when drunk, he was inclined to wield as a mighty weapon of offence. There was a standing order that he should always be "apprehended" or "taken into custody"—the police adore such pompous phrases—by two constables and not one.

One Saturday night I was sent from the duty room to be number two in the arrest of Crutchy. He had already smashed the plate glass window of a shop and there was a Saturday night crowd which, the pubs being shut, had nothing better to do than stand round the roaring cripple and urge him on to more devilment.

On instructions from my older colleague I took one arm while he went for the arm wielding the crutch. Then we waited for the police van, the crowd growing more and more hostile.

"Where are *your* medals?" they shouted at us constables. Crutchy was heavily and noisily decorated—a Goering among derelicts.

"Rotten cowards," shouted a bystander. "It takes two of you—and him a cripple."

"Shame," yelled another. "You'd think they'd something better to do than pick on a poor old soldier."

"Why don't you go and catch some real crooks?" we heard.

Encouraged by the crowd, Crutchy, unable to use his usual means of assault, cleared his throat and spat at both of us. My colleague, I thought, behaved admirably. Unwilling to release his charge, he stoically ignored the insult. The van arrived and we got Crutchy away from his audience.

Crutchy, when we got him into the station, was formally charged with damaging private property and disturbing the peace.

I believed, and I still believe, that the police forces of this country are as fair-minded and able a body of men and women as can be found anywhere in the world. The way in which they maintain law and order is magnificent. But in order to make it a vocation, one must deliberately stifle the more human aspects of personality and, in fact, reduce one's vision of the world to a rigid and narrow view. This frequently creates the finest kind of discipline, a discipline as devoted and dedicated as that of the monastic orders or of the best type of public servant. But there is little scope for complexity of thought or idiosyncrasies of character. I had already seen too much of society to be able to accept, without resentment, the more noticeable shams and prejudices which are essential to "keeping up a front."

"I Detest All Mumbo-jumbo"

It is for this same reason that I know I would never have made a good doctor. I loathe and detest the mumbo-jumbo of the medicos, the hypocrisy of the bedside manner. If I knew someone were dying, and it was my business to tell him so, I would out with it and not fool the man with phoney platitudes that were outmoded before the world had heard of Hippocrates.

One of the strictest rules of the Bradford city police force was that you should never stop a motor car and ask for a lift home—even at the punitive hour of 2 a.m. There was one policeman who was always in trouble. Since he is

Police Constable Charles Porter, storekeeper at Bradford headquarters, reminds Gilbert of the boots he wore when patrolling the city. In Harding's day, the storeman was Sergeant Salter, an amiable ex-Guardsman. Gilbert enjoyed their frequent chats—"the most fruitful hours of my police career"

probably still alive let us call him "Jobbo." If he had not been such an engaging and witty character he would probably have got the sack. As it was he had suffered about every known police penalty.

Jobbo at this time always finished work two hours after midnight, about the worst time to find any kind of transport. He lived some way from the centre of Bradford, and after signing off he had to find his own way home—which took him up Manningham Lane, a steep hill on the way towards Ilkley. As he was puffing wearily along he heard a motor car behind him. Quite cheerfully he stepped into the road and stopped it.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, "but could you give me a lift? I have to get to a place farther down the road in a bit of a hurry."

"Certainly, sir," said the driver, a very young man. "Anywhere you say."

This made Jobbo suspicious. He reasoned that no one calls a policeman "Sir" unless he is a criminal with a guilty conscience.

So Jobbo got into the motor car and directed the boy—straight back to the police station. Grabbing the now thoroughly frightened youth, he marched him in just as the Halifax police were putting out a "stop and detain" warning, describing a young burglar who had escaped in a stolen car. Bradford police announced, almost before the message was finished, that they had both the man and the stolen car.

When asked how he had spotted the miscreant, Jobbo innocently replied that he thought the man was driving in a suspicious manner. This apparently convinced the chief constable. Jobbo got all the credit for capturing his man, was commended by the quarter sessions, and got promoted to acting sergeant. But not for long. A few weeks later he was demoted for thumbing lifts home.

Once, during a tremendous snowfall, I was going to duty one evening when a miserably ill-clad boy asked me for a match "to light a candle."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"To get into that house," he said, indicating a dark, empty house looming out of the snow.

"Is there any particular reason for wanting to get in at this time of night?" I asked patiently.

"Yes. I want to collect some furniture."

Now I knew, or thought I knew, that the youngster was mad, and I told him I thought it seemed both a most unlikely story and an improper expedition in such foul weather. I took his arm and started walking through the snow. Just then a tram came along.

"Hop on," I told the boy. I explained that I was not arresting him, only trying to help him.

"That's all right," the lad said. "My dad will explain everything."

Unfortunately, on our way into the police station we ran into an officious idiot wearing what he misguidedly thought were plain clothes. The fact that he was a C.I.D. inspector stood out a mile, which was approximately the length of his copper's boots. This busybody asked me what it was all about and I made the mistake of telling him. As a uniformed man, I should have reported direct to the uniformed inspector.

"Have you charged the boy?" asked the C.I.D. man.

"No. I only want to check on his story."

"Nonsense. He was obviously loitering with intent to commit a felony."

"Then why did he ask me for a match?"

"Don't answer back," snapped the detective. "Come on, we'll see about this."

There must have been a feud between the uniformed and the plain clothes inspectors, for the next thing I knew was that the C.I.D. man was telling the inspector that he should never be in charge of constables.

"You let a man like this," he fumed, pointing at me, "gaily arrest some young sneak thief without knowing the first thing about procedure. The fool hasn't even charged the boy."

For twenty minutes the two inspectors

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Chief Inspector Halligan joined the force with Gilbert twenty years ago. Most recruits were soon completely at home. "But I was a podgy limping oddity," says Gilbert. "The odd man out"

wrangled while we sent for the boy's father. Both men seemed more intent on getting at each other than on checking my story, so I let them carry on with it. Eventually an angry-looking little Yorkshireman stumped in and, glancing at the boy, asked what we were up to. When he was told that the boy had been caught at the point of breaking into an empty house the man turned fiercely on him and said: "Is this true?"

Three Discomfited Policemen

"No, Dad," the boy replied. "I was just trying to get into our old place and get the things you told me to collect."

"Where did you say he was trying to break into?" the father asked.

We told him the address.

"Of all the barmy people I've ever met you coppers are the barmiest," the man stormed. Then he began to laugh. "That's rich," he cackled. "Wait till the lads hear about this little joke."

He then explained that he and the boy had moved to another home but that there were still several possessions left in their old place. The boy had been sent to collect some of these, and I had come on the scene just as he was trying to do so. Grabbing his son by the ear, the cocky little man stalked out without another word, leaving three extremely discomfited police officials, of whom I was the least put out.

Still, the C.I.D. man had the last word. An hour later I was instructed by a red-faced uniformed inspector to fill in a "refused charge" form, saying that I had "taken him into custody on suspicion of being a person loitering with intent to commit a felony." This, I was told, was to "protect me." Perhaps it did, because I never heard any more about it.

I was getting fed up, but one man was always considerate towards me. This was Sergeant Salter, an ex-Guardsman who presided over the stores. Being the person who issued the uniforms he was the first police sergeant I encountered, and his amiability gave me a completely false picture of the camaraderie of the police. It impressed me considerably, when I complained of having been carelessly fitted out, to see this sergeant scrupulously rummaging about until he found something more suitable.

His room was the warmest spot in the entire police station. So it was always a pleasure to go there with some new complaints and warm myself while the good Sergeant Salter slowly and carefully attended to my wants.

Food as well as warmth were available in this cosy hide-out. Salter fascinated me by the regularity with which he would take lumps of cold meat off the table which served as a plate and carving board, and pop them into his mouth on the point of a very sharp penknife. He never seemed to stop drinking tea, and he also had a stock of savoury tit-bits which he kept in a small corner cupboard. Since he was full of reminiscence and was a great master of gossip, I still think of the hours I spent in his company as the most fruitful during my career as a policeman.

Fortunately for me, I was never put on to some of the really unpleasant police jobs. One of the tricks was to put recruits into plain clothes and send them off to a public house. They would then have to try to persuade the licensee to serve them a drink a few minutes after closing time. If the landlord fell for it, the plain clothes lad would then call up a uniformed constable, handily stationed nearby for the purpose, and charge the man. Though I was the newest of new recruits, no one ever sent me. I was too well known in Bradford pubs.

Still, there were enough minor irritations to keep me fuming. Saluting for my pittance, for instance. One of the annoying things about the police force was the weekly pay parade. For the privilege of wearing uncomfortable headgear, trudging about the streets at all hours in atrocious boots, and subjecting ourselves at all times to the pettifogging rules of a soulless administration, we were paid fifty-five shillings a week. This was bad enough, but in order to get it we had to line up and salute.

This humiliating piece of Victorian pomposity often made me feel like telling the pay officer to keep his money. This, it was pointed out to me by timid colleagues, would have been a great breach of discipline. So I continued to allow myself to be insulted weekly for a handful of shillings.

Told To Beat It—And He Did

One unwritten rule of the police is never to interfere between a man and wife. It is so easy to forget these rules, and in the street one evening, an angry, untidy woman asked me for help. She said her husband had been knocking her about and had locked her out. Most unwisely, I went back with her to the horrid, squalid lodging house where she lived and began to remonstrate with the boyish lout who opened the door to my knock.

"What do you want?" asked the scowling young husband.

"I hear that you have been hitting your wife," I said sternly.

"What if I have? What's it got to do with you?"

"I think it's disgraceful."

"Beat it, copper."

"This won't do," I said. "You have assaulted your wife by beating her."

"Didn't I tell you to beat it?"

"I shall have to arrest you."

"You'll have to what? Arrest me? I haven't committed any offence."

"I shall arrest you all the same."

"You go ahead and try," screeched a voice in my ear.

To my astonishment I found the wife glaring furiously at me. "But——" I began.

"Never mind about the buts," yelled the wife. "You heard what he said, didn't you? Well, go on and beat it."

I was about to protest when the couple closed in on me and began to push me out of the house. So I took their joint advice—and beat it.

"I Wasn't Meant For The Job"

As the months passed I felt more and more dissatisfied. My leg, injured during my training course, never really healed properly. After several hours of trudging on the beat I would have to pull off my boot and sock and hold my knee under a cold tap. I knew also that I would never get anywhere in the police force. No matter how diligent I was, or enthusiastic, when I first entered, I soon realized that I was not cut out for the job.

Not only did I resent being summarily ordered about by others, I was appalled by the prospect of getting into a position which would entitle me to do the same. I have never liked getting things through intimidation, or by reason of holding some position which gives me an unfair advantage over anyone. When a man actually does what he is expected to do, and does it well, I am overjoyed and shower him with praise and whatever financial reward is due to him. I greatly respect a man who will

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Joseph Tomelty, creator of the McCooey family, with Yvonne de Carlo (left) and Noelle Middleton, on the lot at Elstree Studios. He is now filming "O'Leary Night"

Tomelty clinks glasses with Min Milligan. Looking on are Sam Denton and programme director Henry McMullan

Two million Irish switch on for the McCooeys

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

There's no such family—but who cares? This Saturday night radio serial has become Ireland's latest legend

IN THE MIDLANDS there is a convent where every Saturday evening at ten past seven a radio is switched on so that the nuns and their helpers can hear the music to a song that goes like this:

My Aunt Jane, she took me in
And gave me tay out of her wee tin,
Bread and butter with sugar on top,
Two black balls and a lollypop.

As the music fades, a spate of rich Belfast voices unfold the saga of The McCooeys, a mythical radio family, first cousin to the McFlannels of the B.B.C. Scottish service, and remote relatives to Mrs. Dale and her diary. Seldom heard or understood outside Ireland, *The McCooeys* is received in the convent because a wise Mother Superior realized that listening to this radio serial is almost a universal custom in Northern Ireland. The convent is staffed mainly by women from Belfast, and *The McCooey* broadcast keeps them in touch with home.

For almost four years now listeners to the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Home Service have been following the trials and tribulations of the McCooey family and a score of their friends. The characters are all creatures of the rich Irish imagination that is the principal charm of a forty-one year old Belfast actor and writer, Joseph Tomelty.

A comfortably built man, Tomelty looks shorter than his five feet nine inches. His rounded shoulders and shock of thick grey hair lend him a grandfatherly air; he is usually cast as a man up to thirty years older. Tomelty's popularity in Northern Ireland has little to do with his work as a film star or West End actor. Nor is it based on the five plays he has written or the two novels he has had published. In Belfast, strangers stop him in the street because he is the author of *The McCooeys* and creator of one of the show's most colourful characters, the shopkeeper, Bobby Greer.

Ulster people identify Tomelty so closely with the fictional Bobby Greer that there is often confusion when the actor appears in another part for stage, screen or television. Tomelty even had to give up accompanying his two small daughters home from school because youthful admirers of Bobby Greer almost mobbed him.

"*The McCooeys,*" says Harry McMullan, director of programmes for the Northern Ireland service, "is the most popular and most discussed show ever broadcast from Belfast."

One fan of *The McCooeys* is an Ulster peer who first heard of the programme when his domestic staff asked if Saturday dinner could be delayed so that they could hear the radio serial. The peer consented and, out of curiosity, tuned in himself. He is now a regular listener.

Another devotee of the programme is a senior member of the Ulster bench who, one Saturday

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The bees of Kiliatos

by GORDON COTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

Any day the murderous bees might catch him unawares. They'd kill him — as they'd killed all his family. This was his one chance of escape

MY WIFE SAID: "Darling, while you're in town today, I'd like you to pick up a few things for me," and I nodded, without looking up from my paper. Suddenly an item caught my eye, and my wife and our breakfast-room vanished from my consciousness.

It was two short paragraphs. I was attracted by the repetition of the word "bees," and my eye had leaped from that to the name: George Kiliatos.

I met George Kiliatos once, three years ago. Cora and I hadn't been married long, and we were spending a holiday sailing with her brother. It was a twenty-five-foot auxiliary boat, and we'd chartered it in England and picked it up in Cannes. We put in one night at one of the little ports after a too-long day, and both Cora and her brother were too tired to go ashore. I went by myself. I explored the waterfront streets for a while, then decided to have a drink and a snack.

It was late, and only one place was open. But it said: "Eggs and Bacon," in English. A lone customer hunched over a coffee-cup at the bar. I sat down next to him. He was wearing dark glasses and a leather jacket buttoned to the neck, with the collar turned up. His hands, laced around the coffee-cup, were gloved.

I ordered the bacon and eggs, and the man behind the bar got busy at the grill. Almost at once, the other customer leaped to his feet and whirled towards me. *"Qu'est-ce que c'est?"* he cried.

At first I didn't know what he meant. "That's the sound of frying," I said finally, in English.

His tense face relaxed sufficiently to allow a wan smile. "Of course," he said. He appeared to be about thirty, a pale, wistful man. He

In the morning, as we were cleaning the boat, a seaplane flashed over. The three of us stood watching it. There goes a desperate man, I thought

sat down again and picked up his coffee-cup with one trembling gloved hand.

There was an awkward silence. Somehow I felt pity for him. "Nice night," I said.

"Damn' hot," he said, in excellent English.

"The way you're dressed I'd have thought you were cold."

"I don't dress for the weather," he said in a way that discouraged further inquiry. I thought he was ill, and I changed the subject. I was determined to have someone to talk to after a long day on the boat, and he seemed in need of casual conversation. I started talking about our boat trip: where we had stopped, how the boat was holding up, how much the trip cost.

He half-listened at first, but soon he was nodding and making polite remarks to hold up his end of the conversation. We talked in this manner until I finished my bacon and eggs, and then I ordered the same again.

If I hadn't given that repeat order I would never have heard his story. I would have left the café believing that I had been talking to a nervous man who had a skin rash, and there is no reason why he should ever again have entered my mind. But when the second lot went on the grill and started to sizzle, his back stiffened for an instant and he clutched the edge of the counter. He tried to pass off what was certainly a wave of fear by asking some question about sailing. I decided to make one attempt to find out what was frightening him.

"Is there something about the sound of frying that bothers you?" I asked.

He looked at me, and then at his empty coffee-cup. He asked softly: "Have you ever heard Cyprian bees when they are angry?"

I shook my head.

"That's the sound they make—just like that. Anyone who's ever kept Cyprians knows the sound."

"Do you keep bees?" I asked.

He turned round abruptly and faced me. "You're curious, aren't you?" he snapped. "You want to know what's under the gloves—under these glasses? You think it might be bee stings." He tore off the glasses. The area around each eye was red and swollen, the eyes dark slits. He put the glasses back on. "Are you satisfied?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to pry."

My apology put him on the defensive. "You'll have to excuse me," he mumbled. His voice had become very tired, the accent more foreign. He passed a gloved hand across his brow. "I've been living under a strain for a very long time."

I started to embroider my apology, but he dismissed what I was saying. "It's all over now," he said. "At least, it will be tomorrow. I think I'm not used to feeling free." He turned the dark glasses towards me. "Would you care to hear a story so fantastic I don't know whether to believe it myself? I've never been able to speak of it before, I suppose because I was living it. Now that it's over, I find myself in a strange city. I know you as well as anyone here, and I think it would be good for me to tell it once."

I said that I'd very much like to hear the story.

"Very well." He drew a breath. "My name is George Kiliatos. It is a Greek name. My grandfather came to this country from the island of Cyprus, in the eighteen seventies. He prospered. My father, who was born here, was well educated, and so am I.

"My grandfather's prosperity was due to his skill as an apiarist. On Cyprus, collecting honey was a science before the Phoenicians settled there, more than three thousand years ago. My grandfather used to boast that our family had kept bees before the domestication of the dog. Am I boring you?"

I said no.

"When my grandfather left Cyprus, his father gave him some bees, with which he formed the nuclei of his colonies in this country. These were Cyprian bees bred by the Kiliatos, and the family was proud of them, and of my grandfather, who was then the family's sole hope for keeping its name alive.

"In the nineteenth century, Cyprian bees were considered the best race for producing honey, and beekeepers used them the world over. After a time, it was discovered that they were too irritable for easy handling, and most beekeepers in this country killed off their Cyprians and started to breed gentler Italians and Caucasians. Not my grandfather. He said his Cyprians were his heritage and his only tie with his homeland. He bred other bees, but he always maintained a few colonies of Cyprians, and these were given the best attention.

"I remember, as a small child, following him about the farm as he tended the hives. He was in his late seventies by the time I was old enough to keep up with him, and absolutely fit, with leathery skin and bright eyes. He would shove honey into me at every hive and speak rapidly in Greek. 'Eat honey, boy, if you want to grow old like your grandfather,' he would say, or: 'We have always had an agreement with the bees, we Killiatos. We provide the home and factory, they provide the honey.'

"I enjoyed these expeditions, until we would come to the Cyprians. That ominous buzz would go up before we got near them. No matter how much smoke my grandfather used, there would always be a few Cyprians loose to sting us. I cried shamelessly when I was stung, but Grandfather took pride in the fierceness of his Cyprians. A sting, he would say, was the mark of his profession and should be worn proudly.

"Despite his affection for them, two things about his Cyprians disturbed Grandfather. First, he admitted to me that as the years went by his Cyprian colonies were becoming more difficult to manage. Bee for bee they produced more honey than any others he owned, but the honey was

He turned round abruptly and faced me; I could see how strung up he was. "You're curious, aren't you?" he snapped. "You want to know what's under the gloves—under these glasses?"

scarcely worth the trouble of the getting. The other development was more disturbing. Living on the farm were my grandfather, my father and mother, my father's brother, who was a bachelor, and myself. We all had great difficulty with the Cyprians—except my mother, who was able to handle them with comparative ease. It hurt my grandfather's family pride that an outsider should be more competent than a Kiliatos with the family bees.

"Grandfather died when I was fourteen. He fell out of a peach tree, where he had no right to be at the age of eighty-five, suffered a broken hip and never recovered. He maintained to the end that he had been stung by a bee, one of his Cyprians, and that the surprise of the sting had made him lose his grip on the tree. The story was considered by the family the delirium of a dying old man. We all knew that a bee does not sting without provocation."

Kiliatos ordered another cup of coffee. "My father and my uncle assumed management of the farm and the apiary. My uncle was for killing off the Cyprians. They consumed too much time in handling and their temper made life around the farm highly uncomfortable. Before long, each of us, except my mother, was making claims like my grandfather's: that we were being attacked gratuitously by the Cyprians. It was my father who prevented us from doing away with them immediately by claiming that it would be a sacrilege to destroy what grandfather had cherished most in this world. My uncle agreed to give the Cyprians a year of grace in deference to grandfather. We wrote them off as a total loss and didn't even collect the honey.

"At the end of a year, we were eager to finish our memorial. My father, my uncle and I were a mass of welts with the stings of Cyprians. We did the job with gas one night, while the bees were all in the hives. We rather enjoyed it."

KILIATOS paused a moment, recalling the massacre. "Of course, we didn't account for all our Cyprians. In the year they had been without professional attention, there had been some swarmings, and colonies had undoubtedly been set up in the surrounding countryside. We didn't expect trouble from these, but we quickly came to regret not having killed them all when we had had the opportunity. I found that I was being stung at high school, four miles from the farm. I mentioned these attacks to some of my schoolmates. They hadn't been aware of bees in any special number, and I was subjected to endless jokes about my sweet flesh. My father and uncle were stung near the eye while driving, and momentarily lost control of the car; they took to wearing close-fitting sunglasses.

"None of us stopped to analyse the plight we were in. All we were aware of was the immediate annoyance of being stung out of all proportion to chance. It made the three of us edgy and unsociable, and affected our appetites. Several times we tried to hunt down the hives, but the wild Cyprians wouldn't enter our bee boxes. Without prisoners, we couldn't establish the necessary bee lines. If the Cyprians came near us at all, it was to sting.

"Three days after my graduation from high school, my uncle was killed in a motor car crash. Unaccountably, according to witnesses, the car he was driving swerved on a bridge, crashed through the guardrail, and fell into the river. My uncle's body was fished out an hour later. When we claimed the body, we found his sunglasses in his breast pocket. He had thought it unnecessary to wear them. He was fifty kilometres from home.

"A couple of months later I went away to university. It was two hundred kilometres from our farm—far enough, I thought, to rid me of the terror of the bees." He had been looking into his coffee cup, but now he turned his dark glasses full on me. "Three weeks after school started, I was sitting in an English class—I can still remember the moment; someone was reading aloud—when I happened to glance towards the window. My heart seemed to stop beating. Bathed in sunlight on the sill were two of our Cyprians."

My face must have registered some doubt, because he said: "There was no questioning that they were Kiliatos Cyprians. I can identify them as easily as you could me in a pack of Hottentots. I got my first sting the next day, and then it was the same nightmare over again. The Furies were after me."

HE swallowed some coffee. "What saved me from going mad was the winters. The population of a bee colony is drastically reduced in winter, and the bees stay very much within the nest. My bees were sufficiently active to keep me aware of their interest, but I did have some breathing spells. It was during that first winter that I realized what it was."

"Did the bees sense you were an enemy after you helped destroy their colonies?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Nothing like that. You've been exposed to too much romantic nonsense about the intelligent bee and its amazing microcosm, so perfectly organized that man would do well to study it. Rubbish! The bee is stupid and almost inflexible. The amazing microcosm is the result of aeons of trial and error. The bee doesn't know why it performs its many functions. It knows only to perform or perish. You can leave a plate of honey next to the hive, and the workers will still sally forth to bring it bit by bit from flowers in distant fields, because that is their habit.

"Eventually they learn, if it's something to do with their survival. If they hadn't learned, they'd be out, like the dodo and the dinosaur. They learned to kill the drones when the drones were no longer needed, so they could keep their reserve honey. They learned to report nectar finds to their hive mates by the circling dance and the wagging dance, and by the positioning of their bodies in relation to the sun and the nectar. They learned how to kill marauders at the entrance to the hive. They learned slowly about everything they do, and eventually learned about us Kiliatos.

"I can only guess wildly at the number of years my direct ancestors have gathered honey. A thousand? Two thousand? Three thousand? All conceivable, and possibly conservative. A thousand generations of queens, fifteen thousand sets of workers. It took that long for the one family of bees to discover that one family of men was systematically robbing them of honey."

A PAUSE. He drank some coffee and went on: "How long they've known, exactly, and how recently they learned what to do about it, is impossible to say. There are no family records. What clue of sight or smell distinguishes a Kiliatos to them, I don't know, any more than I know how a bee finds nectar, or distinguishes his hive mates. The same patience and ingenuity that von Frisch exercised in his experiments might reveal what new dance had to be devised to enable the scouts to communicate the locations of a Kiliatos. What difference does it make, really? It concerns only me, and I don't care to find out.

"There is no point in torturing us both with a detailed history of these last few years. When I was still in my first year at university, my father died of injuries he received in a motor-car accident, and I transferred to another university, farther away. It took the bees more than a month to find me. In subsequent moves their time was cut. The bees didn't get any more intelligent. Quite simply, bees can't travel without establishing new colonies. Thanks to the fear that drove me from place to place, there are now Cyprian colonies within easy reach of me wherever I settle in this country. . . .

"I have had six years of hell, of living furtively by night, of moving again and again. At one time I thought the army might be my salvation, or even the Foreign Legion, but I was turned down. I can't blame them. I was a trembling wreck until a few weeks ago. I can speak lucidly to you only because the end is finally in sight."

He removed his hat and ran a gloved hand nervously through his hair. "The solution came to light when my mother died, two months ago. The bees had never attacked her. She had stayed on at the farm, and she never really understood what had happened to her family. The farm was debt-ridden at the end. I had never made more than enough money to keep myself alive. The sale of the farm barely covered my mother's burial expenses, with a few thousand francs over, but her will revealed one asset that I had forgotten, a small island about forty miles off this coast, which she had inherited from her father.

"I came here two weeks ago and hired a private seaplane to take me to the island. It was all I hoped for. It is small, but the soil is good and will grow what I need. Rainfall is adequate. There is a sturdy cabin. No one has set foot ashore for years. It is Eden for a man escaping

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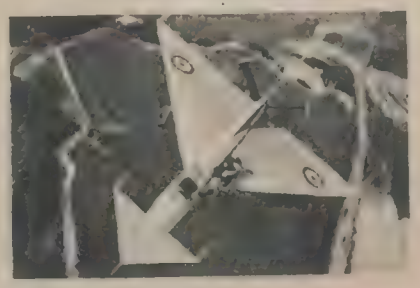
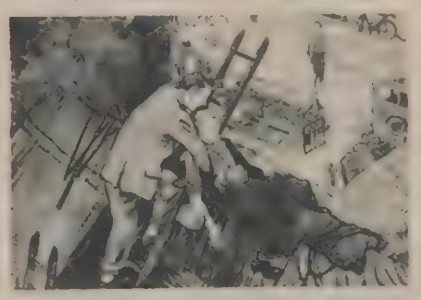
THREE Complete Stories

TEST FLIGHT
by William Esse



KILLER IN THE SADDLE
by Leonard Cooper

THE SWEET REPRIEVE
by Cledwyn Hughes



IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Two nineteenth-century lamp-posts arrive in the warehouse. Somebody wants to send them to New York. And packer Ted Bailey will see them safely off

Douglas Scott, removal firm managing director, checks an order with his secretary, Marie Yates. It could be for a lorry-load of canaries

Removal men with a magic-carpet service

by JOHN ENNIS

Tricky problems crop up when people move house from one continent to another. But the men in the giant vans shift anything, from pianos and aeroplanes to Ming vases and corpses

JOHN WILLIAM ELLIS, a clerk in the Paris office of a firm of international furniture removers, lifted the receiver of his ringing telephone. "Can you pack up an aeroplane and send it to England?" he was asked.

The aeroplane had been flying a load of English newspapers to France the night before, but the pilot had missed Le Bourget airport and landed in a nearby marsh. The insurers of the aircraft against total loss were eager to have it taken quickly out of the water and returned to England safely packed, so that they could salvage as much as possible.

Aeroplanes are out of the general run of goods handled by Ellis's firm, but he agreed to try. The decision kept him and a group of packers up to their waists in water for a week. Ellis supervised while some mechanics removed the engine and took off the wings. Furniture packers measured the dismantled parts and cut wood on the spot to make strong crates in which to pack them. Ellis then had the crates trundled across farmland, taken on lorries to the railway, and transported to the cross-Channel steamer.

"The more complicated and unusual a job is, the more interested we are," says Ellis, who is now a director of his firm, Pitt and Scott, specialists in household removals overseas. "It makes a change from packing the souvenirs Mrs. Jones picked up on her first holiday in Italy."

Another unusual job was given to Ellis in October, 1947, when a scientific expedition left Birkbeck College, London, for the 13,600-feet Jungfrau mountain in Switzerland, one of the highest peaks in Europe. The scientists were going to investigate cosmic ray phenomena, and among their fifteen tons of equipment was some that had no counterpart at that time anywhere in the world. The Customs were naturally suspicious when asked to allow out of the country equipment which they were told was secret and could not be described.

The scientists appealed to Ellis's firm, which has had years of dealing with the Customs. "And we finally convinced them everything was above board," says Ellis. It was he who arranged the packing of the equipment and had it lowered by crane through a window from the fifth floor of Birkbeck College. Then he travelled to Switzerland to help with the unpacking on the mountain top.

Though the removals men specialize in moving household furniture and antiques to and from other countries, they are prepared to pack and ship abroad almost anything. Recently they

Bound for America, like many antiques, this harpsichord will be packed with extra care

After being wrapped in corrugated paper, the furniture is stowed in long waterproof cases

The last stage of a land-and-sea trip—all the way from Norway to a house in Putney, London

moved several hundred antique clocks from Jersey to a Midland town without damaging a single clock. When Charles Boyer, the film actor, moved from Paris to Hollywood they handled his valuable collection of Ming pottery. A few weeks ago they sent a parakeet to Brussels. Regularly they pack and dispatch small pieces of stone from the bombed House of Commons and St. Paul's Cathedral for incorporation in new churches being built in the Commonwealth.

Eighteen months ago, they sent seven pictures by Cézanne, valued at £80,250, for exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago. The two most valuable pictures, together worth £40,000, were put on separate aircraft so that if one met disaster the other would be safe. They packed and sent by air to Brazil the only picture painted by Sir Winston Churchill that has been sold, "Blue Room, Trent Park."

Job That Was Turned Down

Ellis once drove through France with thirty canaries that were being sent to Britain. The temperature was below zero, and when the birds were unloaded at Dieppe, on the cross-Channel boat, they were lying on the floors of their cages, stiff and still. "We didn't know what to do," says Ellis. "Then the steward took them and laid them on the hot-water pipes in the third-class saloon. And the birds revived."

Sometimes a job has to be tactfully refused. A representative once spent half a day travelling to a remote village to estimate the cost of sending some goods abroad. When he arrived he discovered that a woman wanted to send two saucepans and a frying-pan to relatives in South Africa. He pointed out how costly it would be to send them by his firm's method, and suggested the parcel post.

Recently, an engineering firm in the Midlands inquired the cost of sending a corpse to Czechoslovakia. A price was quoted. The engineers came back with an apologetic letter explaining they had no corpse after all. A Czech who had been working for them had fallen ill, and his doctor had said there was no hope of recovery, so they decided to prepare to send his body to his relatives. But now the man had begun to get better.

Changed Her Mind Twice

Among the removal firm's thousands of clients have been a number of harmless eccentrics. Douglas Scott, the managing director, remembers a woman saying, "I must travel on a big ship because I have a big trunk."

Ellis recalls the elderly wealthy Frenchwoman who decided one summer to go to live in America. Seven vans were needed to pack her valuable furniture. After a few days in New York she went into an air-conditioned cinema. As she came out on to the hot sidewalk, the contrast in temperatures overcame her, and she fainted. When she recovered she went to Pitt and Scott's New York branch and said, "I don't like this place. Send my furniture back to Paris." Later the same year she decided to return to America. "Changing her mind cost her a lot of money," says Ellis, "but she didn't seem to care."

Changes in living habits brought about by the war are reflected in the work of the international removers. Their services today are mostly used by United Nations employees and people working for big engineering and oil companies. "Before the war, many wealthy people used to move between Britain and the gentler climates of the South of France or the Tyrol," says Ellis. "Today the Treasury limits the amount of capital they can export. As a result, almost the only private individuals who leave Britain today are retired high-ranking civil servants or highly placed executives, with adequate pensions. Usually they make for Austria, where the exchange rate is favourable. There is quite a British colony in Kitzbühel."

Seventy-seven years in the business have taught the removers all the secrets of packing. They are expert in "marrying" pieces of furniture so that no space is wasted. "We try not to ship any air," says Ellis. "That benefits only the shipping companies, who, of course, charge by bulk."

Sturdy cases built on a platform base are used for shipments to America and the Colonies. Settlers find them useful as outhouses and garages, and Africans have even taken them for homes. Furniture bound for Europe usually goes in lift vans—steel-framed wooden containers sixteen feet long—which can be placed on a flat lorry, on the deck of a ship or on a low-slung railway bogie.

Every fortnight, the Federation of International Furniture Removers issues a list which tells members where lift vans are situated. "A firm in Sweden will look at the list, find there is one of our vans in Stockholm, and use it for a removal to Britain," says Ellis. "In this way, we don't have to pay for the van's return, and it becomes another source of income to us, as we always handle the British end of the job."

Hay and straw are rarely used for packing, as most countries will not allow them to be imported for fear of spreading foot and mouth disease. Woodwool—long, strawlike shavings of wood—is used instead. The woodwool is wrapped in brown paper to make sausage-shaped pads, and these are tied around the articles to be packed. While tying the string, the packers allow for contraction in different climates.

She Snubbed Nazi Colonel

During the war, the Germans took over the firm's Paris office. Edmund Nye, an English member of the staff, now a director, was interned, but he retained power of attorney for the firm. When any business was done with a neutral country, the Germans had to take the documents to the prison camp for him to sign.

Furniture belonging to a number of British and American clients was stored in the Paris warehouse when the Germans arrived. One day, a Nazi colonel walked into the office and demanded a complete record of all furniture belonging to Jews, so that it could be confiscated. A French girl in the office, Marcelle Mourenas, told him: "It might be the custom in Germany to treat Jews that way, but it is not the custom in France or Britain. I shall give you no such record." The German officer left. Though there were at least three lots in store belonging to Jews, he never returned. And the furniture was handed intact to its owners after the war.

A knowledge of geography is essential to the firm's staff. Once a clerk addressed a van of furniture to Portland, Oregon, near the north-west coast of America, instead of to its proper destination, Portland, Maine, on the east coast three thousand miles away. The goods went across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal and northward through the Pacific Ocean. "When the mistake was discovered, they had to be returned across Canada," Douglas Scott recalls. "One wrong word cost us £200."

Couldn't Stand The Cold

Perhaps the most frustrating removal job was one handled some years ago by Alfred Tustin, foreman at the firm's warehouse in North London. An English business man in Algiers, crippled after an accident, had all his furniture arranged so that he could move easily about the house. He had decided to return to England, and Tustin was sent to Algiers to make detailed plans of the position of every piece of furniture —even of the pictures on the walls—so that the same layout could be reproduced in a house in England. Then Tustin packed the furniture and travelled with it to England.

The crippled man arrived in England in December, decided he couldn't stand the cold, and went back to Algiers. Tustin had to return there and put all the furniture back in place.

"I still had the plans," he says. "They came in useful, after all." THE END

HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

In the regal palace of Malta, Hornblower relaxed. He had no idea that one of his passengers lay dying—a man who must, at all costs, be kept alive

The prince, perfectly self-possessed, drank to the King of Great Britain. Hornblower watched him curiously. Tonight, he thought, the boy would be back on board, roughing it in the gunroom

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N., had captured a crew of French privateers aboard a British brig, the Amelia Jane, off the Kent coast—and was preparing to hang them as pirates.

He had just taken command of the sloop Atropos, and had fitted her out to join Admiral Collingwood in the Mediterranean: her ultimate destination was still secret. Hornblower had worked like a dog, and his temper hadn't been improved by the arrival of two awkward new members of his crew.

One was a boy in his teens, Prince Ernst of Seitz-Bunau, a nephew of the King. The other was the prince's fat, overbearing Chamberlain, Dr. Eisenbeiss. The German prince was to learn seamanship, and Eisenbeiss was to be ship's surgeon for the voyage.

After leaving the Thames estuary, Atropos had run into fog. While she lay at anchor, waiting for the fog to clear, Hornblower had heard a shot. Going to investigate, he had found the Amelia Jane in the hands of privateers, retaken her, and rigged up a noose on the yardarm. That noose was a trick: somehow, he had to force the Frenchmen to reveal which ship they had come from.

It had its effect. Grovelling, they admitted they had come up the coast in a boat disguised as a Ramsgate trawler, which lay at anchor nearby.

Still playing the ferocious rôle of a hanging captain, Hornblower went back to the Atropos—for a boarding party to take the trawler. . . .

PART 3

"By Surprise If Possible . . ."

IT was a very great comfort when Atropos came in sight. Mr. Jones received Hornblower at the ship's side. A glance had told him that the gig's crew was two men and a coxswain short. It was hard to think of any explanation of that, and Mr. Jones was bursting with curiosity.

Hornblower ignored his questions. "You got those tops'l yards across, I see, Mr. Jones."

"Yes, sir. I sent the hands to dinner when you didn't come back, sir. I thought——"

"They'll have five minutes to finish their dinners. Mr. Jones, if you were in command of two boats sent to capture a hostile vessel at anchor in this fog, what orders would you give?"

"Well, sir, I'd—I'd——"

Mr. Jones was not a man of quickness of thought or rapid adaptability to a new situation. He hummed and he hawed. But most officers in the navy had been on at least one boarding operation. He knew well enough what he should do, and it slowly became apparent.

"Very well, Mr. Jones. You will now hoist out the long boat and the launch. You will man them and see that the boats' crews are fully armed. You will proceed north by east half east

from this ship for a quarter of a mile—fix that in your mind, Mr. Jones, north by east half east. There you will find a West India brig, the Amelia Jane. She has just been recaptured from a French prize crew, and my coxswain is on board with two men. From her you will take a new departure. There's a French privateer, the Vengeance. She's a Dunkirk trawler disguised as a Ramsgate trawler. She is probably heavily manned—at least fifty of a crew left—and she is anchored approximately three cables' lengths approximately north-west of the Amelia Jane. You will capture her, by surprise if possible. Mr. Still will be in command of the second boat. I will listen while you give him his instructions. That will save repetition. Mr. Still!"

* * *

The dispatch that Hornblower wrote that evening and entrusted to the Amelia Jane for delivery to the Admiralty was couched in the usual navy phraseology.

Sir,

I have the honour to report to you for the information of Their Lordships that this day while anchored in dense fog in the Downs I became aware that it seemed likely that some disturbance was taking place near at hand. On investigating I had the good fortune to recapture the brig Amelia Jane, homeward bound from Barbados, which was in possession of a French prize crew. From information gained from the prisoners I was able to send my first lieutenant, Mr. Jones, with the boats of H.M. ship under my command, to attack the French private ship of war Vengeance of Dunkirk. She was handsomely carried by Mr. Jones and his officers and men, including Mr. Still, second lieutenant, Messrs. Horrocks and Smiley, and His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau, midshipmen, after a brief action in which our loss was two men slightly wounded, while the French captain, Monsieur Ducos, met with a severe wound while trying to rally his crew. The Vengeance proved to be a French trawler masquerading as an English fishing boat. Including the prize crew she carried a crew of seventy-one officers and men, and she was armed with one four-pounder carronade concealed under her net.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obed't servant,

H. Hornblower, Captain.

BEFORE sealing it, Hornblower read it through with a lopsided smile on his face. He wondered if anyone would ever read between the lines of that bald narrative, how much anyone would guess, how much anyone would deduce. The fog, the cold, the wet; the revolting scene on the deck of the Amelia Jane; the interplay of emotion; could anyone ever guess at all the truth? And there was no doubt that his gig's crew was already spreading round the ship horrible reports about his lust for blood. . . .

A knock at the door. Could he never be undisturbed? "Come in," he called.

It was Jones. His glance took in the quill in Hornblower's fingers, and the inkwell and papers on the table before him.

"Your pardon, sir," he said. "I hope I don't come too late."

"What is it?" asked Hornblower; he had little sympathy for Jones and his undetermined manners.

"If you are going to send a report to the Admiralty, sir—and I suppose you are, sir——"

"Yes, of course I am."

"I don't know if you're going to mention my name, sir—I don't want to ask if you are, sir—I don't want to presume——"

If Jones was soliciting a special mention of himself in the letter he would get none at all.

"What is it you're saying to me, Mr. Jones?"

"It's only that my name's a common one, sir. John Jones, sir. There are twelve John Joneses in the lieutenants' list, sir. I didn't know if you knew, sir, but I-am John Jones the Ninth. That's how I'm known at the Admiralty, sir. If you didn't say that, perhaps——"

"Very well, Mr. Jones. I understand. You can rely on me to see that justice is done."

"Thank you, sir."

With Jones out of the way, Hornblower sighed a little, looked at his report, and drew a fresh sheet towards him. There was no chance of inserting "the Ninth" legibly after the mention of Jones's name. The only thing to do was to take a fresh sheet and write it all over again. An odd occupation for a bloodthirsty tyrant.

HORNBLOWER watched with a keen eye his crew at work as they took in sail while Atropos came gliding into Gibraltar Bay. He could call them well-drilled now. The long beat down the Channel, the battles with the Biscay gales, had made a correlated team of them. There was no confusion and only the minimum number of orders.

The men came hurrying off the yards; he saw two figures swing themselves on to the main backstays and come sliding down all the way from the masthead, disdaining to use the shrouds and ratlines. They reached the deck simultaneously and stood grinning at each other for a moment—clearly they had been engaged in a race.

One was Smiley, the midshipman of the maintop. The other—His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau. That boy had improved beyond all expectation. If ever he should sit on his throne again in his princely German capital, he would have strange memories to recall.

But this was not the time for a captain to let his attention wander.

"Let go, Mr. Jones!" he hailed, and the anchor fell, dragging the grumbling hawser out through the hawsehole; Hornblower watched while Atropos took up on her cable and then

Hornblower was stunned. If McCullum died now . . . "How is he?" he asked sharply. "He was alive half an hour ago, sir," said Jones

rode to her anchor. The sun was shining down on him, and it was good to feel this Mediterranean sun again, even though there was little warmth in it during this bleak winter weather.

"Call away my gig, if you please, Mr. Jones." There was a very decided thrill in the thought that soon he would be reading the orders that would carry him forward into the next phase of his adventures.

Yet in Collingwood's orders to him, when he came to read them, there was a paragraph which left him wondering what his fate was to be.

"You will take into your ship Mr. William McCullum, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, together with his native assistants, and you will give them passage when, in obedience to the first paragraph of these orders, you come to join me."

Mr. McCullum was awaiting him in the Governor's anteroom. He was a burly, heavy-set man in his early thirties, blue-eyed and with a thick mat of black hair.

"Captain Horatio Hornblower?" There was a roll to the "r's" which betrayed the country of his origin.

"Mr. McCullum?"

"Of the Company's Service."

The two men eyed each other.

"You are to take passage in my ship?"

"Aye."

THE fellow carried himself with an air of vast independence. Yet judging by the scantiness of the silver lace on his uniform, and by the fact that he wore no sword, he was not of a very lofty position in the company's hierarchy.

"Who are these native assistants of yours?"

"Three Sinhalese divers."

"Sinhalese?"

Hornblower said the word with caution. He had never heard it before, at least pronounced in that way. He suspected that it meant something to do with Ceylon, but he was not going to make a display of his ignorance.

"Pearl divers from Ceylon," said McCullum.

So he had guessed right. But he could not imagine for one moment why Collingwood, at grips with the French in the Mediterranean, should need Ceylonese pearl divers.

"And what is your official position, Mr. McCullum?"

"I am wreck-master and salvage director of the Coromandel coast."

That went far to explain the man's ostentatious lack of deference. He was one of those experts whose skill made them too valuable to be trifled with. The more the gold lace he was addressing, the brusquer was likely to be his manner.

"Very well, Mr. McCullum, I shall be sailing immediately and I shall be glad if you will come on board with your assistants at the earliest possible moment. Within an hour. Do you have any equipment with you to be shipped?"

"Very little besides my chests and the divers' bundles. They are ready, along with the food for them."

"Food?"

"The poor bodies"—McCullum narrowed the vowel sound until the word sounded like "puir"—"are benighted heathen, followers of Buddha. They well-nigh died on the voyage here, never having known what it was to have a full belly before. A scrap of vegetable, a drop of oil, a bit of fish for a relish. That's what they're used to living on."

Oil? Vegetables? Ships of war could hardly be expected to supply such things.

"I've a puncheon of Spanish olive oil for them," explained McCullum. "They've taken kindly to it, although it's far removed from their buffalo butter. Lentils and onions and carrots. Give them salt beef and they'll die, and that would be poor business after shipping them all round the Cape of Good Hope."

The statement was made with apparent callousness, but Hornblower suspected that the

Collingwood touched one of the daffodils in the window box. "They keep me contented," he said. "It's three years since I was last on land"

manner concealed some consideration for his unfortunate subordinates. He began to like McCullum a little better.

"I'll give orders for them to be well looked after," he said.

"Thank you." That was the first shade of politeness that had crept into McCullum's speech. "The poor devils have been perishing of cold here on the Rock. That makes them homesick, like, and a long way they are from home, too."

"Why have they been sent here in any case?" asked Hornblower.

"Because they can dive in sixteen and a half fathoms," said McCullum, staring straight at him.

It was not quite a snub; but Hornblower would not risk another question despite his consuming curiosity. He contented himself with ending the interview with an offer to send a boat for McCullum and his men.

WHEN they made their appearance on the deck of the Atropos, the Ceylonese were of an appearance to excite pity. They held their white cotton clothes close about them against the cold; the keen air that blew down from the snowclad Spanish mountains set them shivering. They were thin, frail-looking men, and they looked about them with no curiosity, but with only a dull resignation in their dark eyes. They were of a deep brown colour, so as to excite the interest of the hands who gathered to stare. They spared no glances for the white men but conversed briefly with each other in high, piping, musical voices.

"Give them the warmest corner of the 'tween decks, Mr. Jones," said Hornblower. "See that they are comfortable. Consult with Mr. McCullum regarding anything they may need. Allow me to present Mr. McCullum—Mr. Jones. I would be greatly obliged if you will extend to Mr. McCullum the hospitality of the wardroom."

Hornblower had to phrase it that way. The wardroom theoretically was a voluntary association of officers, who could make their own choice as to what members they might admit.

"You must provide a cot for Mr. McCullum, too, Mr. Jones, if you please. You can decide for yourself where you will put it." Everyone

Continued on page 38

Driver Simmons, aristocrat of the swaying footplate

by CHARLES WAUGH

Men like Charlie Simmons are proud of their job, driving Britain's fastest trains. But it can be nerve-racking work when fog hides the track—and snowflakes feel like pebbles

SLOWLY, EXPERTLY, Charlie Simmons backed his 168-ton engine and tender across King Edward Bridge at Newcastle and into the Central station. Beside Platform 10 stood eight Pullman cars, a total of 340 tons waiting to be hauled the 268½ miles to King's Cross in 273 minutes. At 9.15, Simmons pulled on the brass brake handle and halted the engine a few feet ahead of the waiting carriages. Then, at a signal from the station crew, he eased the huge locomotive backward to let it be coupled to the rest of the train.

With Simmons on the footplate stood Jack Beslee, the fireman who would shovel forty-two pounds of coal for every mile of the journey, or about five tons in all. At 9.20, Simmons leaned out of the cab window to exchange greetings with a station official. As a senior driver of crack trains, Simmons, whose lean face has taken on a hawk-like look from nearly forty years of signal watching, is well known to railwaymen and railway enthusiasts. He belongs to an *élite* class of sixteen drivers who alternate at the controls of the long-distance express trains based on King's Cross.

Occasionally, leg-pulling drivers address Simmons as "The Mayor," a reference to his two terms as mayor of the London borough of Finsbury. Simmons has been known as "The Mayor" ever since two railway colleagues spotted him at 7 a.m., dressed in full evening dress, robes and chains of office, on his way to St. Paul's for the King George V Silver Jubilee services. In twenty-five years on Finsbury Council and as a member of the Metropolitan Water Board, the North East Regional Metropolitan Hospital Board, Barts Hospital and Moorfield Hospital Board of Governors, Charles Henry Simmons, J.P., has become just as comfortable in formal attire as in the faded blue overalls he wears on the job.

As a first-rank driver, Simmons handles runs like the non-stop Elizabethan to Edinburgh and the Tees-Tyne Pullman on the London-Newcastle line. These are what railway officials call "sharply-timed" trains; they frequently reach the maximum permitted ninety miles an hour to keep to their schedules.

At 9.22 in Newcastle station, Simmons pulled out a huge pocket watch, checked the time with locomotive inspector Fred Hart and moved over to his seat at the left of the cab. By the time the guard's whistle sounded at 9.25, the driver had seen that the signals were in his favour, and he was standing at the regulator. As he tugged upwards on the long bar, steam entered the cylinders and the train slowly gathered speed.

Must Remember Speed Limits

Between tending the fire and watching water levels—the engine consumes forty gallons every mile—Beslee sat on a stool at the right of the cab. From there he called out the setting of signals ahead. Where the track makes a wide sweep to the right the fireman can see signals half a mile before the driver.

Crossing the Tyne, Simmons kept his speed down to the twenty mile an hour limit set for the King Edward bridge. Drivers not only have to know permanent restrictions like this but must memorize temporary speed limits imposed where repair work is going on. Few engines are equipped with speedometers. With nearly thirty years' experience as a driver, Simmons has a keen sense of speed, but even he is doubtful of his ability to estimate accurately how fast the train is travelling at any given moment. Speed can be measured by timing the distance between the posts set every quarter-mile along the permanent way, or, roughly, by watching telegraph posts, which are normally set eight to the quarter-mile.

Oiling his locomotive in the sheds. Charlie Simmons knows his engine well—the result of long hours of study in his climb to the top

Took On Water At 60 m.p.h.

Drivers like Simmons are less concerned with the actual speed than with keeping to schedule. In his pocket Simmons carries a notebook containing the times at which the Tees-Tyne should pass twenty-one points between Newcastle and London. Near Northallerton (thirty seconds late) he began thinking about replenishing his supply of water. There are five places between Newcastle and King's Cross where non-stop trains take on water. "No water in the engine," says Simmons, "makes you feel the biggest goat imaginable." On the southbound run, the first supply is at Wiske Moor, where up to four thousand gallons lie in a four-inch deep trough between the rails. As the express approached the trough at sixty miles an hour, Beslee lowered a scoop under the engine until it dipped into the standing water. In a few seconds, 2,500 gallons were scooped up.

Whenever Simmons began to accelerate—and sometimes just before it—Beslee threw fresh coal into the fire. Not once during the journey did the driver give orders to the fireman. "Jack can anticipate almost every move I make," Simmons says. "It takes a big strain off the driver."

Promotion may soon break up the Simmons-Beslee partnership, which has lasted nearly two years. If he is successful, Beslee will leave express trains and start his own driving career at the controls of a small shunting engine. Simmons himself has travelled this same promotion route. And, like many drivers, he caught the railway fever as a boy, when he spent hours watching trains at Holloway station in London.

"Many's the time," Simmons says, "that I got my behind banged with a policeman's cape for being on the railway wall." In those days, eighteen was the minimum age for starting on the railway, and Simmons had to wait until 1910 before he became an engine cleaner at King's Cross. He worked twelve hours a day, alternating monthly between day and night work, and began accumulating what is now almost an encyclopaedic knowledge of locomotive design and maintenance.

For four years and six weeks, Simmons cleaned engines. He then qualified as a fireman and was assigned to a small shunting engine in King's Cross goods yard. In his ten years as a fireman, Simmons worked his way up from the

In the driver's cabin. The dial on the right is part of an automatic train control now being tried out on part of the east coast line. A hooter warns the driver when a signal is at danger

The Yorkshire Pullman run this time. Simmons talks to a passenger, actress Wendy Houseman

shunting engines to the crack main-line trains. At the same time, his Sunday mornings were spent in self-improvement classes, studying railway regulations and the mechanics of locomotives.

He now drives 60015, an engine known as Quicksilver, and it is railway policy to let him stay with this locomotive as far as possible. When Simmons drives the Tees-Tyne, Quicksilver goes with him; when he switches to the Edinburgh-bound Elizabethan, he takes his engine along.

"Look what she can do," Simmons says, displaying a list of the sharply timed runs he has driven. "It makes you proud to be put in charge of her." Characteristically, Simmons speaks as if it were only the engine that gets the trains in on time.

Before reaching York, Simmons has several opportunities to reach the ninety miles an hour that his engine can give him, to maintain the better-than-sixty-miles-an-hour average he must achieve between Darlington and King's Cross. However, on this run he was forced to slow down soon after reaching top speed because of track-laying operations near Pilmoor, sixteen miles north of York.

South of York at 11.12, Simmons accepted a cup of tea Beslee poured from a can brought from Newcastle. Tea-drinking is an art in a swaying cab; the driver rose from his seat, flexed his knees and took long gulps from the cup. According to Simmons, it is the top-class driver's boast that he can carry a glass of water on the footplate without spilling a drop.

Three miles north of Grantham, Simmons sounded his whistle as the engine disappeared into a tunnel. On the footplate the only light was the glow from the fire.

Tunnels and viaducts are no place to stop a train; even when the communication cord is pulled, a driver will not halt until he has reached a better point. The brakes are immediately applied, but the driver can release them until he has reached a safe spot.

He Pulled The Wrong Cord

Not long ago, Simmons was a passenger in a train that suddenly stopped because a passenger had pulled the communication cord. Simmons jumped out of the train to see if he could help, only to find that the emergency signal had been given by an American passenger. After looking in vain for a chain to pull in a push-button lavatory, the passenger pulled the emergency cord by mistake.

Delays like this, beyond the control of the driver, play havoc with scheduled times. Another handicap to perfect timing is the signal that goes against the driver. Between Grantham and Peterborough are miles of straight track—the drivers' speeding ground, where they are permitted ninety miles an hour. Simmons was nearing the maximum when a signal showing two yellow lights told him that the next signal would be yellow and the one beyond that red. It was just 12.20 when be brought the train to a halt opposite the red signal; eight minutes passed before the light changed to green.

Despite the eight-minute delay, Simmons, by swift acceleration and skilful driving, was back on time eighty miles later when he passed Potters Bar at 1.37. With only thirteen more miles to go, Beslee knew his fire would need no more coal; he carefully chalked his name on his shovel to ensure getting the same one next morning. Other firemen respect those chalk marks.

Simmons remained tensely concentrated until he pulled alongside the platform in King's Cross. At 1.56 p.m., the Tees-Tyne express had arrived two minutes ahead of its sharply timed schedule. Grimy with coal-dust, the driver looked at the pale sunlight outside the murky station, and at his watch.

"You can't always make up time," Simmons says, "especially in bad weather. If there's snow the windows get blocked up, and each flake feels like a little stone on your face. Even at twenty miles an hour, snow can make your eyeballs feel as if they were sticking out. If there's fog, it sometimes gets so bad that you can't see the front of the engine. Times without number I've reached for the brake in fog, just because I fancied I saw an obstruction."

On one run last winter, Simmons stopped his train to let Beslee jump down from the cab and climb the signal post to see how the fog-clouded signal was set. So, when they returned to King's Cross, Simmons and Beslee thought they had something to talk about.

While washing, they encountered a fireman with a bandaged hand. "What happened to you?" asked Beslee.

"Had to climb a post to see the signals," explained the injured man. "There was someone else ahead of me doing the same thing, and he stepped on my hand, climbing down."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Continued from page 11

carefully. But I didn't like the smell that remained in the place as a last memory of the dead Cajeke.

I went outside again, to find José and the bearers quite fidgety. I moved the door carefully back in place, shoved the stones against the base, and walked up to my guide.

"While you were inside, I found the path," José said happily. "The path to the new *jivaria*. We will go. It cannot be far."

José strode off toward the western side of the clearing. I walked beside him for a while. "I saw some bananas there," I said. "They looked fresh. Does that mean they come and leave food for him?"

"Yes, every month for two years," José said. "They know he is grateful for the food and *nijimanche* because he has eaten it when they come."

Lives On As Jaguar

I thought of the squirrel I had seen. There were doubtless other visitors, too. As for the *nijimanche*, that would evaporate in a month. But I said nothing of this to José. "Why do they keep it up for two years?" I asked.

"It takes two years for him to be a jaguar," José answered simply.

"Oh, so Cajeke is a jaguar now," I said. I knew that the Jivaros believed in the transmigration of souls.

"Probably he is a jaguar," José said. "He was a brave *curaka* who had taken many heads, so he could be a jaguar if he wanted. And it takes two years for a jaguar to grow enough to take care of himself in the jungle. That is why they can stop taking food after two years. He can take care of himself then."

"But I thought the Indians feared and hated the jaguar," I said. "They try to kill it. Doesn't that mean Cajeke's family might kill him a couple of years from now?"

"Oh, no, for Cajeke will go to the land of the hated Aguarunas and trouble them," José explained. The Jivaro plans to go on attacking his enemies even after death.

We were in the dusky forest once more, walking easily on a path that gave a few signs of use, although I'm not sure that I would have known it was a path. We walked down the hill from the abandoned *jivaria*, across a short stretch of flat land, leaped over a tiny stream, climbed over another hill.

After about three miles José suddenly started calling *whe-dee!* again. He had stopped quite suddenly at the edge of a clearing. I looked past him and saw a strong and sturdy Indian standing alone about ten feet in front of the door to a *jivaria*. He wore only his *itipi*, a kind of wrap-round skirt from the waist to just below his knees. His dark hair was banged over the eyes and parted into three short braids on sides and back. Toucan feathers hung in the rear braid, their bright colours vivid even at a distance.

Sign Of Welcome

I saw three women and two children scurrying through a door at the other end of the hut, looking over their shoulders as they disappeared. Then from the other side of the clearing appeared three more men, who stopped when they saw us. Two carried blowpipes and one a single-barrelled shotgun. They watched and waited—for a cue, I thought, from the man in front of the *jivaria*. He had no weapon, but his angry scowl was as piercing as a lance.

"Chumbika," José said to me quietly. "Cajeke's son. He is *curaka* now."

Without a word, the young Jivaro chief turned and strode into the *jivaria*, leaving the door open behind him. The men on the edge of the clearing seemed to relax a bit but did not move. Instead, I saw them reach into little satchels of monkey fur which were slung over their shoulders. They began to comb their hair.

"Chumbika has left the door open," José said. "That means we are welcome to enter the house. But maybe we should wait a few minutes, to give him a chance to dress up."

The three warriors, who had probably been returning from a hunt, were now smearing red dye on their faces, the kind made of achiote seeds and used to some extent by most South American tribes. As we walked towards the door of the *jivaria*, I saw one putting bright feathers in his hair, another some kind of ornamental collar around his neck.

José stepped through the door first. I followed, and then the two bearers. We stood just inside the door, and I peered ahead in the dim light. Chumbika, I saw, had taken a moment to adorn himself with a beautiful crown of multi-coloured feathers—small, soft feathers that did not stand up but formed a broad band around his head. He sat on a stool near one of the centre supporting poles of the house, facing us but not looking at us. He was busy sharpening a chonta lance with what looked like a shell.

Beside him sat another man, wearing a crown of monkey fur. His wrinkled face was covered with reddish-brown dye and broad black lines. He was busy weaving on a loom about three feet square, rapidly passing the shuttle back and forth between the fixed threads.

Neither man spoke a word or indicated in any way that he was aware of our presence. José sat on a stool to the left of the narrow door, and I sat on a platform bed just a little to the right. The two bearers, at José's direction, moved to the other side of him, put their bundles on the ground, and squatted beside them, leaning against the walls. I don't know if they had ever visited a *jivaria* before; their faces were so expressionless that one could tell nothing of their feelings.

I was well aware of my own feelings, however. I was uneasy. Not really apprehensive, for I was confident that a white man who came to the Jivaros unarmed, bearing gifts, seeking neither gold nor women, would be safe. There was always a slight chance, of course, that if there had recently been death, illness or serious accident in the clan, the next visitor might be blamed. To the Jivaro, everything has a cause, and bad things are caused by bad spirits sent by some enemy, known or unknown.

However, I wanted more than just the safety. I wanted co-operation, a measure of friendliness, a chance for talk. I wanted good pictures, for one thing, but above all some insight into the mind and feelings of a Jivaro headhunter, so that I might understand why he felt and acted as he did.

Murder For Revenge

I had read a number of books about the Jivaros. From them I knew how and why the Jivaros carried on their wars of extermination, their murders for blood revenge of a relative and for the peace of that relative's soul. I knew the significance of the *tsantsa*, the shrunken head, and of the complex ritual of the lengthy *tsantsa* feast. I knew these things with my mind alone, and that never satisfied me. I am interested more in human beings than in races, tribes, social organizations, or religions as such.

We are all more similar than different, I think. The differences stand out because they are on the surface. Chumbika shrinks a head he has cut off. John Smith goes to church. Mary Brown consults a psychiatrist. They seem to have vast differences. But the motivation is the same in each case, the goal sought is the same—peace of soul. All human beings are looking for the same things, essentially, in life. The road each one takes depends largely on where and when he was born.

I wanted to meet and know all kinds of people so that I could study their differences and trace them back to universal urges. I can do this to my own satisfaction only by getting to know people well. I could learn more about the Jivaros by becoming a close friend of just one headhunter than by interviewing objectively several hundred. When I could share the feelings of one man who had shrunk a head, I would understand.

Chumbika did not appear favourably disposed toward sharing any feelings with me, unless it was his feeling of hostility. I looked around at the other Jivaros in the house, searching their faces for a friendly glance, but no one was looking at me. At the other end of the hut I could see women bustling about—there must have been more than a dozen of them, of all ages. Some young children were there, too, and about four dogs, scrawny and abject, tied to the beds in the women's section.

Drank Native Beer

After a ten-minute silence, one of the women walked from the other end of the *jivaria*, took up a gourd or bowl, and filled it with a liquid from a very large pottery jar that stood on the floor not far from Chumbika. She took the bowl to José, who drank deeply from it while she waited, her back turned. As I watched, I realized how thirsty I was after the long walk.

This is *nijimanche*, I told myself—beer made from the yuca plant. I know how it is made. Can I still drink it?

The woman brought the bowl to me, and I took it in both hands. I wanted a drink badly, and I thought that I should drink, anyway, for the sake of courtesy. I decided to try it and at the same time concentrate on the dress and appearance of the woman, for this was the first chance I had to see one close.

I put the bowl to my lips and took a tentative sip, while noting that the Jivaro woman's body was more covered than in most primitive tribes. The taste of the *nijimanche* wasn't bad at all. No wonder it was called beer, for it had a malty flavour, quite rich.

The woman's dress, if it could be called that, was one large piece of dark cloth arranged so that it formed a skirt and a sort of half blouse, with two ends

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

ALTHOUGH her friends enjoyed cycling, Freda did not. "Too much like hard work," was her summing-up. But one day she spotted a shiny cycle fitted with a useful little auxiliary engine.

As she admired it in the shop window, she realized that it was the perfect solution. She could pedal along the flat stretches and, when she felt tired, she would merely have to start the tiny engine.

Freda bought the cycle, and learned that a motor vehicle must be insured against third party risks. But when the machine was delivered, she could hardly wait to use it, and decided to ride it to the office next day.

Freda was an intelligent girl; she remembered that the law takes a serious view of people who drive cars without third party insurance. After much thought, she decided that she could use her cycle, and not offend the law.

She rode to work next day—but she did not use the engine. Instead, she pedalled gamely all the way, and at lunchtime she arranged insurance coverage to begin the next morning. After work, she began to pedal home.

Police Constable Strange happened to be standing on the pavement when Freda stopped at some traffic lights. Whether it was the fact that, as she hadn't yet licensed the cycle, the number plates were blank, Freda never found out, but the constable, in a very courteous voice, said, "Could I see your certificate of insurance please, madam?"

In no time at all, Freda found herself floundering in the frightening business of a prosecution for—in the words of the Act—"using a motor vehicle on a road without there being in force . . . a policy of insurance . . . in respect of third party risks . . ." and so on.

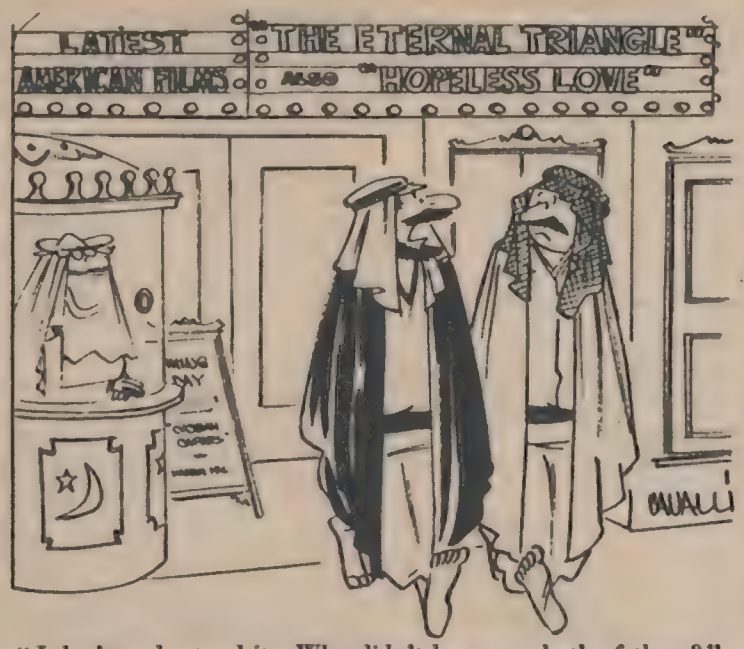
She had never been mixed up with the law before, and in court her defence was candid and to the point.

Freda readily admitted that she knew an insurance policy was needed for her motorized cycle. "But," she said, "this surely applies only when the engine is being used. I was using the pedals, not the engine, and nobody could call my bicycle a motor vehicle when the engine isn't being used to drive it along."

What was more, she added, her bicycle couldn't even be called a mechanically propelled vehicle, because she was doing the propelling with her legs.

The prosecution dismissed Freda's arguments as double talk. Her cycle was a motor vehicle whether or not the engine was being used, they argued.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 43



"I don't understand it. Why didn't he marry both of them?"

tied over the right shoulder. The left shoulder was bare, and the top part of the dress was bloused very loosely by a cord or belt around the waist. As I looked I took a deeper drink of the *nijimanche*, trying not to think about how it was made. People are silly about such things, anyway, I told myself. What's wrong with saliva?

The woman had a necklace of shells, bamboo sticks about three inches long through each ear lobe, and a very short and thin plug through a hole pierced in the centre of the lower lip. Her hair was hanging loose to her shoulders, and had bangs in front. She was not nearly so elegant as the men of her family, although the black lines decorating her face were more gracefully done.

I drank a little more of the *nijimanche*, and handed it back to the woman. My stomach turned over a bit restively, but then subsided. The drink seemed to be very nourishing, as much like food as beverage.

Blanket Of Silence

Still no one had spoken. The woman took bowls of *nijimanche* to the two bearers, and then retired to the women's section of the house, where I saw a fire burning and heard pots boiling. The women turned and looked at me curiously once in a while, and made comments to each other and laughed. The children would have been right in the middle of the blanket of silence enveloping the men of the house, if they had dared. But they contented themselves with staring—at the bundles of my bearers more than at me. They knew I had brought presents.

One boy, about seven years old, kept coming farther towards us than any of the others, but he was so quiet and solemn that he was allowed to get away with it. He stared at me for a long time, noting everything about my clothing most carefully. I seemed not to notice, wanting to give him plenty of chance to examine me at his ease. Finally, I looked at him and smiled. To my surprise, I got a smile in return. Then he quickly went back to the other children and the women.

My eyes were heavy, almost closing. I had sat there, I suppose, not more than fifteen minutes, but it seemed like hours.

At last Chumbika put down the lance and the shell he had been using to sharpen it. The young *curaka* stood up, dignified, strong, defiant, but under control. He took his stool, stepped in front of José, put the stool on the ground, and sat down. He still did not look at José.

"*Winiti!*" he shouted loudly. I jumped a full inch off my platform. Had I known then that the word meant something like "I see you have come," I would surely have burst out laughing. Chumbika had seen that we had come a full half-hour before, as he glared at us in front of the *jivaria*. But I knew that the word was part of the traditional method of greeting a stranger—or even a good friend from another *jivaria*—even though I could not then translate it.

I learned later, too, that Chumbika had waited more than the normal time before speaking just because he was disturbed at our arrival, for reasons I did not know until the next day.

José was a little unnerved himself. He was, I understood, half Jivaro and half Peruvian. How he had drifted from his headhunter clan or family I do not know. But he had, despite his conversion to Christianity and his employment by the Peruvians, kept up some contact with the Jivaros closest to his station at Borja. He was never completely at ease with the Indians, however, or thoroughly at home in their language.

José knew that Chumbika's one word had been the signal that he could talk, so he began to talk, in a voice as loud and unnatural as Chumbika's. I saw José stumble now and then, searching for a word, heard him lapse into Spanish. The Indians did not seem to notice, for they were paying no attention at all. From the bits of Spanish I heard I could tell that José was talking—no, screaming—about my coming to Borja in the big bird, about going through the Pongo in the launch, about our trip through the jungle.

Spat Through Fingers

Chumbika's right fist was clenched, with the knuckles held against his lips. Occasionally he spat through his fingers vigorously, looking quite fierce as he did so. As José kept on talking, Spanish taking over more and more from the Jivaro tongue, Chumbika began to smack his lips and make clucking noises, spitting more and more frequently.

Then he started interjecting short grunts when José paused briefly to catch his breath. The grunts turned out to be words—"*Tsa!*" and "*Ho!*" and "*Tcah!*" It seemed as if he were making comments on the tale José told—"Is that so?" and "No! Really?" And that is exactly what he was doing, even though he could comprehend few of José's words.

My guide's shrill recital came to an abrupt end, but Chumbika allowed only a few seconds of silence. He began to speak, loudly, insistently. The ceremonial nature of this whole business was more evident, however, in the way he spoke. There was a subtle and changing rhythm in his words, as if he were reciting a chant rather than making conversation. He even beat time with his feet once in a while, and the big gestures with his arms were always in tempo.

Chumbika orated somewhat longer than José had, and finally stopped with the same abruptness, turning and going

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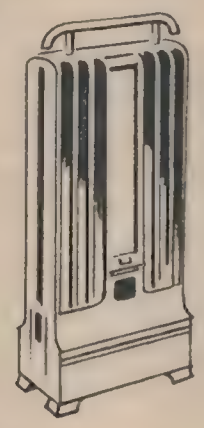

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to the big jar of *nijimanche* for a drink. José rose from his stool, sighed, and smiled at me.

"It is all right now," he said, and walked over to speak to one of the other men in the house. The ceremony was over, and I knew that I could move about the house freely—except for going to the women's section—and make myself at home.

The long rigmarole of a Jivaro greeting was originally, I think, a kind of testing out of the stranger who might or might not be friendly. It is certainly the antithesis of the sneak attack, the accepted and traditional way of making war. Jivaros, like most primitive peoples, are as tradition-loving and conventional a group as you can find. They have to be. They live under difficult circumstances, surrounded by far more than just the dangers we see, for they know about the many evil spirits that we can't observe. If a way of doing something was successful in the past, a Jivaro will want to keep on doing the same thing the same way. There's too much gamble in changing.

Massacred The Spanish

That explains why they still live almost exactly as they lived when the ancient Incas tried to conquer them and failed, and when the Spanish *conquistadores* were massacred by them. Except for a few shotguns—for half of which the Indians have no ammunition—and some metal machetes, the Jivaros use the same equipment, make the same houses, grow and hunt and eat the same food, and follow the same social customs that they have for close to four hundred years that we know about, and probably for another four hundred before that.

I stood up to stretch, feeling rather left out of things even if I did have the freedom of the house. I knew that Jivaros are generally hospitable and warmhearted, filled with good spirits most of the time. Therefore it was apparent that Chumbika was more than just conventional. He was definitely not friendly, as his first scowl at us had indicated.

I looked at him, hoping that he would glance in my direction, perhaps smile, give me a chance to get acquainted. But he studiously kept his eyes away from me. Then I noticed something I had not seen before: several new scars—they might have been severe burns—on Chumbika's right arm and on his chest. The right cheek looked burned, too, and the pigtail on that side was considerably shorter than the hair on the left side. Perhaps José could learn later what had happened to the young warrior.

Children Broke The Ice

The women were now moving about the house freely rather than staying in their section, and the children were inching forward closer and closer to me, the smiling seven-year-old boy in front. I smiled at them and they came nearer. My particular friend—I soon learned that his name was Tzitzinga—pretended to yawn at me, and then laughed. I laughed, too, and all the children joined in, along with some of the women, who had no idea what we were laughing about, I'm sure.

"Yes, I'm tired and sleepy," I said. Talk helps sometimes even when words can't be understood. I accompanied them with gestures indicating my meaning, and Tzitzinga nodded, smiled, and spoke, waving his arm towards the platform bed on which I had been sitting, as if inviting me cordially to help myself.

"Well, there's one friendly soul here, anyway," I said. Then I remembered the gifts. I should have distributed them as soon as the formalities had ended. I called to José and asked if it would be all right, and he agreed that it would help. Chumbika was seriously disturbed by something, José told me. Perhaps gifts would help to ease the tension.

The bearers opened the bundles as I directed, and most of the Jivaros crowded around, men, women, and children—except for Chumbika. Even the leathery-faced old one left his loom to get his share. They did not push or crowd, but they were eager. I handed mirrors to the men, who are much more concerned about their appearance than the women, to whom I gave safety pins and beads. The safety pin is one product of civilization they can understand and appreciate. For the kids I had coloured marbles, which they loved, and rubber balls, in which they were disinterested.

I turned to another bundle and took out some fish hooks and scissors, then a dozen pieces of red cloth which I handed around. I should have brought twice as much cloth, obviously. Each Indian took solemnly what I handed him, examined it carefully, and said nothing. But I knew that such people do not gush "thank-you's." They expect presents from visitors as a matter of course. Their appreciation is shown in practical ways later, if they are pleased.

I got more reaction than I expected when I had handed around my last gift but one. These were cigarette papers and small sacks of tobacco. The Jivaros grow tobacco and make long rolled cigars or, more frequently, infusions of tobacco and water which they snuff up their noses or drink. But they knew about cigarettes and were rather adept at rolling their own.

Magic From A Lighter

When some men started to light them at the fires in the *hea*, I took out my lighter. It created a sensation, and I knew they could not have seen one before. They chattered to each other about it, laughed and exclaimed each time I closed it and then lit it again. Even Chumbika looked up at it.

At that moment I took to Chumbika the knife I had brought along. He took it without glancing at me, looked carefully at the blade, tested it with his finger soberly, and then started sharpening his lance with it. That meant he liked it, but he did not like me.

Most of the men, women, and children were drinking *nijimanche* now, and there was a general buzz of conversation interspersed with a good deal of pleasant and easy laughter. The women brought forward jars of food and everyone ate—boiled yuca, the tuber that supplies so much food and drink for millions of people in the Amazon basin, and monkey stew. Meat stew is meat stew, and its tastiness depends upon the meat. Monkey meat is good. My chief objection to the stew was to a little arm and hand I saw floating in it.

Chief Remained Hostile

Despite the general feeling of friendliness that filled the *jivaria*, Chumbika remained quiet and aloof. At one time I saw a woman, probably one of his wives, approach him and speak to him as if urging him to throw off his hostility. She pointed at me once as she talked, at which he scowled angrily and spoke heatedly. He kept showing her the scars or burns on his arms and chest as he did so.

I decided it was time to try "Milonguita." There was one rather bulky item that remained in the bundles, a freakish kind of thing to haul into a tropical jungle on a visit to headhunters. I would never have owned the gadget but for my enforced stay of a week in Iquitos, where I had to wait for my permission to travel to be granted.

I was in a store one afternoon when I heard a song—a song that I had first heard many years before in Buenos Aires. It was a tango—"Milonguita." An assistant was playing the tune on an ancient gramophone that must have been on the shelves since the days of the first rubber booms. It was hand-wound, of course, and the tone was certainly tinny. But I listened to my favourite tango with pleasure, and noticed that the *mestizo* assistant enjoyed it just as much as I did.

That reminded me of my firm belief that music is a universal language, whose appeal is as widespread as that of good food to the hungry. On an impulse I bought the machine and the three records in stock. I decided to take it along on the trip because I always liked to take something different from the usual gifts of mirrors, beads, scissors, fish hooks.

They Danced The Tango

When everyone finished eating I got out the gramophone and the records. They all gathered around and watched me, although it was now growing dark and it was not easy to see inside the *jivaria*. I did not even look at Chumbika to see if he paid attention. I did not want him to feel that I was begging for his approval and friendship.

I put the gramophone on the platform bed, wound it up, put on "Milonguita," and placed the needle in the groove. There was complete silence in the house until the music of a dance band sprang into the quiet air. Everyone jumped back, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Chumbika sit up and stare at the gramophone.

There was a minute of low talk, embarrassed and uneasy laughs, and then silence again. As the lilting melody unfolded and the steady, rhythmic beat of the tango repeated itself, smiles came to faces here and there. Next came what was bound to come—a rhythmic shake of the head or the hand. A few of the women's bodies began to sway, and I fixed my eyes on Chumbika's feet. When the record was half finished, his left foot began to tap in tempo. By the time the record had ended, he was standing and shuffling both feet. And he was almost smiling.

When the Indians were sure the song had ended there was a hubbub, and it was the noise of amazement and pleasure. I took the record off and put on another—a Quechua Indian song recorded in Lima. It was strange and weird and haunting, with the rhythm a steady drum beat that I thought should sound more familiar to these Indians, who might have heard some Quechua music at some time. They liked it, and most of them were dancing in an unorganized way within a minute. Some of the women dashed back to their quarters and put on the belts of tinkling shells that they wore for dancing.

Rudy Vallee's New Fans

I was very uncertain about the third record, but they saw I had a third, so there was no getting out of playing it. They waited quietly, expectantly, happily, as I put it in place. Then I watched their faces to see just how they would like Rudy Vallee singing the "Maine Stein Song."

At first it puzzled them. Nothing could have been much farther from their own music, which is rather monotonous, with very few tones used. But there was a steady beat, and that began to move them. They seemed to sense that there was a rousing, inspiring quality in the song that made them dance as if they were marching. Chumbika was particularly pleased. He shuffled forward and back rather awkwardly, with an entranced expression on his face.

I had to play those records over about twelve times that evening. I was exhausted and wanted to go to sleep, but the Indians were enjoying themselves too much. I soon began to get pretty sick even of "Milonguita."

It was Chumbika himself who finally noticed my fatigue and ended proceedings. I lay down on the bed by the door next to José and was asleep in three minutes. I remembered thinking, as I fell into oblivion, that I had not yet seen a shrunken head.

NEXT WEEK: Lewis Collow describes the daily life of a headhunter's family. "Amazon Headhunters" will be published in book form in January by Robert Hale Ltd., at 18s.

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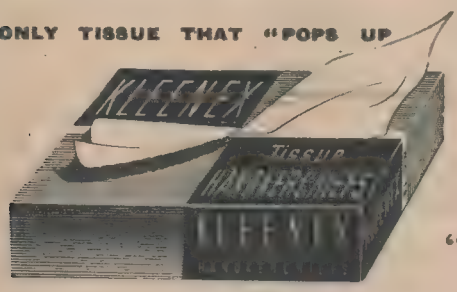

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ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 16

stand up to me in fair and square argument—providing he really knows what he is talking about and make a good case for himself, which so few people can.

Though I did not miss as much as one should the so-called higher things of life (books, good wine, well-cooked food, music, agreeable conversation) I found that, as I became more immersed in police routine, I was becoming correspondingly duller in the mind.

After a spell of duty from between say, 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., I found on getting back home that I had not time for anything except sleep. I would swallow the fine breakfasts which my mother had prepared for me without being able to taste them. Then I would clamber up to bed and fall like a log into the sheets and there I would stay till it was time for me to get up, drink some tea, clean my buttons, badges and boots, and start all over again.

Felt A Private Shame

Living at home had its disadvantages, the chief of these being my almost unbearable sense of inadequacy about living on my mother. Although I paid her—or rather the Bowling Park Institute's guardians—twenty-five shillings weekly for my room and board, I sometimes felt an awful drag on her. She was, after all, extremely busy. As matron there were incessant calls on her. Yet she still found time to look after me as if I were a prince. It seemed unfair, but I was mostly too tired to do anything about it.

Another source of private shame was that, while I was ridiculously pounding the beat as a music hall bobby, my sister Constance was establishing herself as a schoolteacher. I had not seen much of her after I left my childhood home at the Hereford Workhouse to attend school at Wolverhampton. But I was constantly aware of her and, in fact, closer to her in some ways during our absences than when we were together—when we always squabbled.

I occasionally saw something of her. But by the time I joined the Bradford police, Con had gone down to teach in a school at Richmond. The fact that she was settling into a worthwhile profession, self-contained, self-sufficient, and not in any way reliant on mother, gave me bad moments of "conscience." Where, I would ask myself, are you heading for?

Mother would reassure me. "Don't worry," she would say. "It's nice to have you home. Besides, you seem more settled. You haven't got into any more debt and you've kept completely out of mischief for months. I'm not complaining." Reassured, I would go back to sleep. And mother would quietly pick up my tunics and clean my buttons for me.

Routine at the police station was getting increasingly dull and intolerable. Intellectually, I had mastered the rudiments after a few weeks. I wanted to go on to other things. There I was merely marking time.

Then the fact that I was something of a misfit in this highly practical organization was brought home to me by a small, but very significant, incident.

It had been raining all night and I had been on duty for eight hours. I heaved a sigh of weariness when my relief arrived precisely at eight o'clock. I thought of the long tram ride back to Bowling Park and groaned.

"It's raining cats and dogs still," my relief said, shaking his sodden greatcoat against the stove.

I grunted and went off to collect my coat. When I was ready to leave I stood for a moment in the entrance hall, contemplating through a window the dreary brown Yorkshire downpour.

"Be careful now, Professor," a voice called out. "Don't you think you should have brought your umbrella?"

Turning, I saw the jeering, grinning faces of two young constables who had joined the force several weeks after I had done. There they stood, completely at home, completely indoctrinated in their trade, while I, a pudgy, limping oddity, was given the mocking label of "Professor." The fact that I had, in truth, been a professor did not console me. But I was too tired even to answer back. "*They* are right; *I* am the odd man out," I told myself as I went out into the blinding rain.

My one weekly rest day was spent at home in a complete and glorious inactivity of mind and body. One day I was lolling in a delightful coma on my bed when I looked out of one eye and found my mother standing over me in a state of great excitement.

"What is it?" I asked. "Good news or bad?"

"See for yourself," said mother handing me a cablegram.

Resigned With Relief

It contained the offer of a job as English master at the Greek Gymnasium at Limassol in Cyprus. I was flabbergasted. During that period when I was unhappy as a schoolmaster I applied for every kind of job without success. One of these futile applications had got so far as an interview. This was with the director of education of Cyprus, then in London with the intention of filling the post mentioned in the cable. He obviously found someone else and I forgot the whole thing. Now the vacancy was open again, and I did not hesitate.

"Mother," I said, springing from the bed, "I am not going on the beat any more."

And I didn't.

To my great joy I was allowed to resign with little difficulty. There was such a scurry and flurry of getting my things together that I had little time to enjoy the sense of release and relief with which I handed back to Salter my uniform, boots, notebook, textbook, truncheon and handcuffs.

The cable arrived on a Wednesday. By the following Wednesday I was in Cyprus. In my trunk was a parchment signed by the Chief Constable of Bradford, stating that during my service as a constable in that city my conduct had been exemplary.

NEXT WEEK: I find beauty—and scandal—in the sunny isle of Cyprus

In John Bull Next Week

P.C.49 WINS PROMOTION IN THE THEATRE

BRIAN REECE makes his name as a stage star

by JOHN ENNIS

Reece with members of the cast of "The Seven Year Itch," in which he stars at London's Aldwych Theatre

TWO MILLION IRISH SWITCH ON FOR THE McCOOEY'S

Continued from page 17

evening, was invited to speak at a public dinner. The judge arrived with a portable wireless set under one arm, and asked permission to listen to *The McCooeys* before giving his speech.

Tomelty's own fondness for the family and for Belfast has led to a special clause in all his film contracts forbidding him to leave England without permission during the shooting of his pictures.

This precaution was taken after an incident during the filming of *The Gentle Gunman*. Tomelty, who played an Irish doctor, was on call for early Monday morning at the Ealing studios. Believing he could fly back in time, he slipped off to Ulster. On Sunday came a blizzard—and he missed the Monday morning shooting schedule.

Now *The McCooeys* is frequently written in London while Tomelty is appearing on stage or in films. Occasionally, the actor-writer types his scripts in mid-air while flying between Belfast and London.

Agent Called Police

Once, when Tomelty had departed for Ulster—with the permission of a film producer—a sudden change in plans made it necessary for him to return. As Tomelty has no telephone yet, his London agent enlisted the Ulster police to round up the missing actor. Tomelty is such a well-known figure in Belfast that there was no difficulty in tracing him. He had gone to the seaside in his small 1936 car.

The appeal of *The McCooeys* is founded on the warmth of the characters and the everyday nature of the problems they discuss. "It's just a Belfast family," Tomelty says. "The door is opened on Saturday nights, and a microphone thrust in. Of course, I have to be mindful of the language."

Senior member of the family is Grandda, who lives with his son Sammy and family. Maggie is Sammy's wife, "whose memories of unemployment and the shipyard slump have left their stamp on her personality." They have two daughters and a son. Then there is Aunt Sarah, Maggie's sister, who is played by one of the most extraordinary actresses on the B.B.C., the seventy-one year old Min Milligan.

"Min," says Tomelty, who married her daughter, "is one of those people who think God is good and the Devil is not so bad."

On the air, Aunt Sarah does her best to foil any widow or spinster with designs on bachelor Bobby Greer.

Rides Hobby Horses

A popular character is Derek, the window washer. The B.B.C. has been inundated with stomach powders, home recipes and patent medicines to cure Derek's chronic indigestion.

All the McCooey characters air their opinions, and Tomelty himself admits that the programme sometimes sounds like a "grouse platform." "Joe rides his hobby horses on this programme," says Sam Denton, who has produced all but one of the McCooey shows. Denton tries to wheedle the script out of Tomelty at least five days before the broadcast.

"Once Joe came in with ten scripts," the producer recalls. "I almost fainted. He had written them while waiting for a call from the film studios in London."

Inspiration for the radio serial often comes while Tomelty is wandering about Belfast. The bus service provided him with material for one programme—a programme that resulted in a deputation of drivers and conductors storming Broadcasting House.

Tomelty had been vexed by the failure of bus drivers to stop at his signal and, as usual, he said so—through Bobby Greer. The busmen took offence, raised the matter at a union meeting, and sent a delegation to the B.B.C. Denton met them and saved the situation by inviting the men to meet the McCooeys in the studio.

Bobby Greer also expresses Tomelty's views on taxes and telephones. "Here

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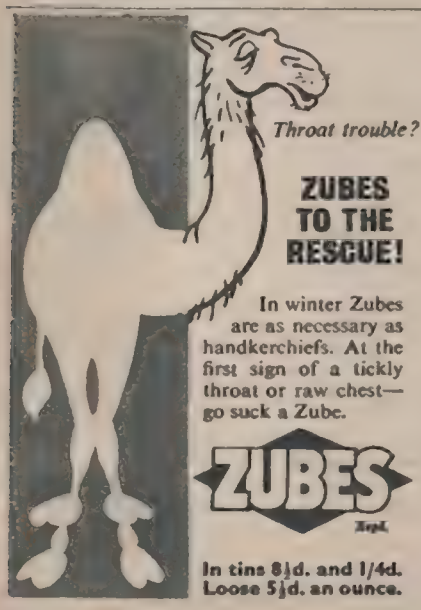

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I am," Greer declared during one broadcast, "paying out fistfuls of income tax every year and when I ask for a telephone, I can't get it."

It is no coincidence that Tomelty himself is waiting for the Post Office to install a telephone in his modest home at Stockman's Lane. Shrewd enough to realize that hundreds of listeners are in the same plight, he introduced the subject mainly on grounds of general interest.

Listeners are always ready with advice or solutions to the McCooeys' problems. When the family decided to redecorate their home and went ahead without getting an estimate, scores of warning letters arrived. Others named what they thought a fair price.

Dealers Protested

Occasionally, the McCooeys get into hot water by accident. When one character declared that he did not like wedding photographs, photographers wrote in accusing the family of undermining their profession. Second-hand furniture dealers pleaded with Tomelty to leave their trade alone after the McCooeys had found woodworm in a used cabinet bought by one of the family.

"Whenever we try to sell a cabinet," one dealer protested, "the customers say, 'Who do you think we are—the McCooeys?'"

A feud that Tomelty really enjoyed developed when Ulster's Minister of Education, H. C. Midgley, condemned the B.B.C. for shows that featured what he called uneducated speech.

Tomelty retaliated by threatening to march the family to the Ulster Parliament at Stormont, where they could hear "floods of eloquence, and English spoken flawlessly."

Later, when Aunt Sarah suggested, "I think, Greer, we'll put *you* into Parliament," the actor replied, "They wouldn't have me, Sarah."

"Why?"

"Because I talk with a Belfast accent."

Born in the fishing village of Portaferry, Tomelty had to leave school at twelve. Now only his shyness betrays his early struggle for success. This is a legacy from his youth, when Tomelty fought to overcome the stammer that seemed to bar any future as an actor. His first success was in writing. A friend read a one-act play he had written, and sent it to the B.B.C. "I was so excited," Tomelty recalls, "that I could hardly telephone to accept the offer of twenty guineas."

Stammer Vanished

Another of his early plays included the part of a Scotsman. Tomelty screwed up his courage to ask if he could play the rôle himself. "I was given the chance and discovered that when simulating an accent my stammer disappeared."

The young Tomelty continued with his writing and acting. He had a ten-year spell in repertory, then came his chance on the London stage. In 1951, a Northern Ireland Festival production was taken over commercially for the West End. Tomelty played the lead.

David Lean, the film director, saw that play. It led to a part in *The Sound Barrier* for Tomelty. Since then, he has played in half-a-dozen screen rôles and in a second West End play.

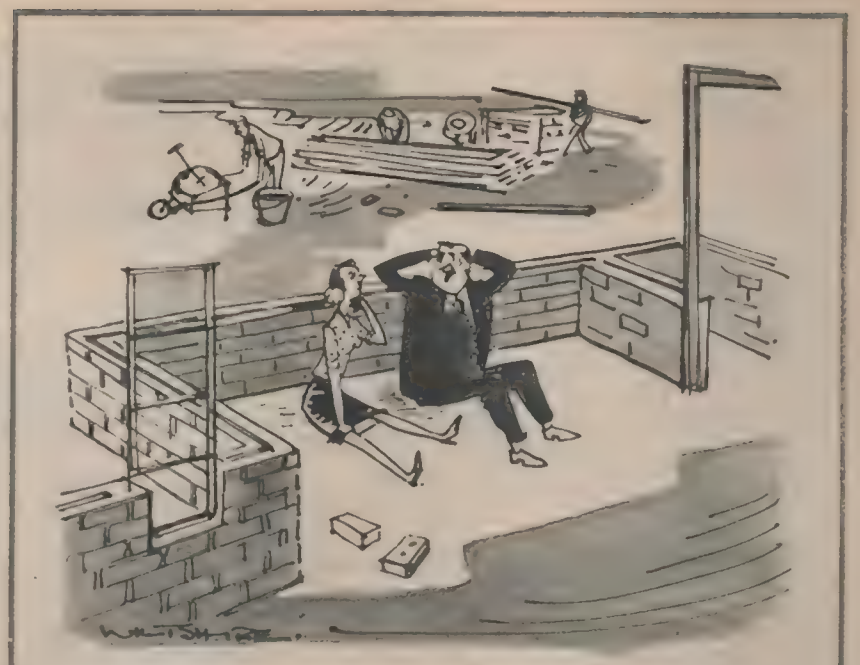
In those early days, Tomelty sustained himself with the trade he had learned—painting and decorating. He still remembers the Ulster depression.

"Going to see a man for a job," he says, "was like trying to speak to the King of England. There was one employer, I remember, whom I could never get in to see. On the boat, fifteen years later, he spoke to me."

The man introduced himself and, obviously impressed with the actor's fame, asked Tomelty, "Will you do me the honour of having a meal with me?"

Smiling to himself at the irony of the situation, Joe Tomelty, the painter turned celebrity, thanked the man politely for his invitation.

"I didn't say anything about the old days. He fed me royally and we parted. Life is very funny, isn't it?" THE END



"Either the bed goes here and the wardrobe over there or I'll just call the whole thing off"

THE BEES OF KILIATOS

Continued from page 20

bees. No bee, not even my Cyprians, can fly forty miles over open water.

"Here is my plan. Tomorrow morning, I will fly to the island with all the supplies my meagre finances allow: a bed, a chair, oil lamp and candles, some books and writing paper, a stove and cooking utensils, plenty of food, and agricultural implements and seed. I am a skilled farmer. The food I bring will sustain me until I have a crop, and then will supplement what I grow.

"After the pilot unloads my equipment, he will draw a curtain around the island by flying over it and dusting it thoroughly with D.D.T. The last of my money is on deposit with the company whose seaplane I have rented, to assure their sending a plane for me in three years."

"Why three years?" I asked.

"Because in three years there will be a complete turnover in the colonies that know me, including the queens, and a hiatus in the practice of the dance by which they tell the location of a Kiliatos. When I return to the mainland there will be no Kiliatos Cyprian alive that has ever seen the dance, and I will be free."

"And you trust the company to send a seaplane for you?" I asked.

"If one can't trust one's own species. . . ." He shrugged.

A few minutes later we separated. He extended a gloved hand and I wished him luck. In the morning, when we were clearing the boat, a seaplane flashed over and out to sea. The three of us watched it. There goes a desperate man, I thought. That was three years ago. I never saw George Kiliatos again.

THE report in the paper carried a Nice dateline and the headline, "Corpse Found On Isle." It read:

"An apparent attempt to emulate Robinson Crusoe has ended in tragedy, according to Robert Gelin of Nice, the captain of the pleasure craft, Berenice. Gelin told the police that he and two passengers discovered a man, dead a week or more, on an island some miles off the coast. The location of the island is not immediately clear, as the Berenice had come upon it while off course and lost.

"Gelin said there were indications that the lone occupant of the island had lived there for some time. An area had been cleared and had apparently been under cultivation at one time. A cabin was well-stocked with tools, a stove, and simple furniture, but no food. The body was found on a bed in the cabin, with the head and shoulders partly out of a window. Gelin believes the man starved to death. He said there were signs that the man might have chewed bark during his last days.

"On the field once under cultivation, the word 'HELP' had been scratched in six-foot letters, in an apparent attempt to attract planes. Underneath, more uncertainly, 'BEES—I WANT BEES' had been scratched, and elsewhere, almost illegibly, 'BEES, BEES, BEES.' There was no immediate explanation for the latter two inscriptions. Papers on the body bore the name George Kiliatos. Local authorities hope to locate the island today, with Gelin's help."

I WAS horrified, and completely bewildered. Why should Kiliatos cry out for bees? It made no sense. I might have sat there for an hour, searching my mind for an explanation, but my wife interrupted me. "It's getting late," she said. "Here's a list of what I want from town. . . . What is it?" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Just look at this," I said. "You remember I told you of this fellow. We saw his seaplane. . . ."

She was already reading it. But it didn't mean the same to her, of course. After all, she hadn't even seen Kiliatos. It's different when you've met and spoken to a man.

As I was going, she gave me the list again. "Please don't forget anything. And be sure to stop at Anderson's first for the seeds. I'd like to start the garden this week."

It hit me immediately, before I had closed the door. The answer, of course, was in the seeds. Kiliatos had been so confident of his capabilities as a farmer, or had budgeted himself so carefully, that he had brought seeds for only one season's crops. He had expected each harvest to provide the next season's seeds.

But he hadn't foreseen that the D.D.T. would kill the island's insect life, and that his first crop had been his only crop. He had found out too late that his plants were sterile. Without the pollenizations provided by insects, there had been no fertilization and no seed production. . . .

During his second year on the island, he had been forced to live on the food he had brought with him; and without help from his own crops, he had consumed it all. In his last, desperately hungry days, his mind must finally have given way and he had imagined his mortal enemies, the bees, vengefully withholding their services.

At the end he had probably lain on his bed, too weak to move, waiting for a sign from the sky; not the roar from a plane's motor, but the sting of a Cyprian, and the promise of life that went with it. THE END

WEDDING BELLS AT LAST!

How Mary and John found the solution to their housing problem.

At first John said No! He simply would not start "living in a bedroom." What a good thing he was overheard by Connie who happened to be coming downstairs.

Mary was so upset she went home and cried. She had found a nice room with kitchenette and a bathroom to share with the nice people upstairs. What a beast John could be!

Then they met Connie at the Dance "I couldn't help hearing" said Connie "when I passed you on the stairs last week." Then she told them she'd had to start in one room — *but you'd never guess it!*

So Mary and John went visiting to see for themselves just how comfortable one room could be. "And to think" said Mary "you'd be our neighbour if we started off in the room downstairs."

John couldn't get to the furnishers quick enough.

"There's the blue ribbon Connie said we had to look for" he said. "And what a lovely covering" said Mary; "it'll simply make the room." John had to agree.

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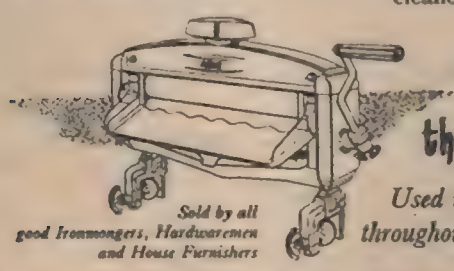

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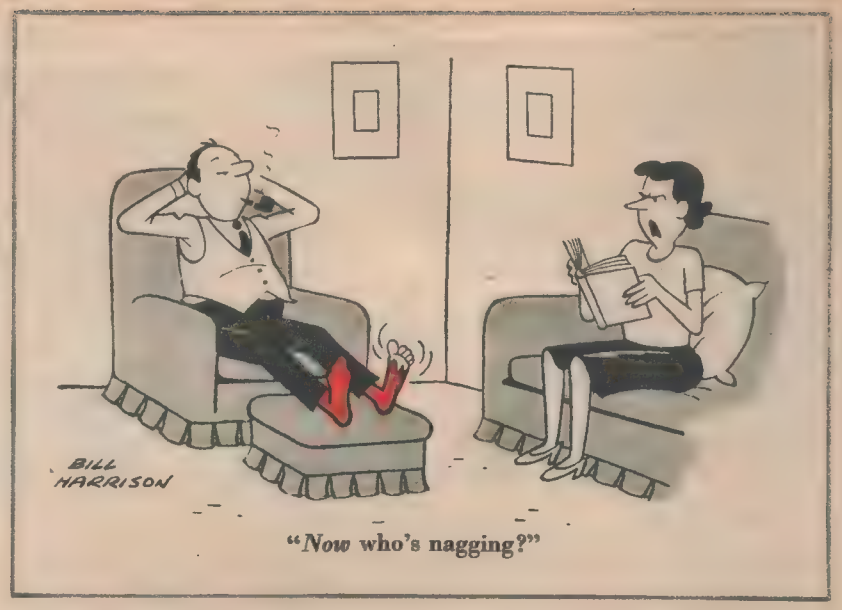


"*Now* who's nagging?"

THIS HORSE IS DANGEROUS

Continued from page 13

beside Joe. "He won't do it now you're watching. Joe . . . I'm frightened, honestly I am. I can't do it!"

Joe looked at his sister thoughtfully. You never knew with girls. Half the time they put on an act, and fooled themselves more than anyone else.

"Now look, kid," he said reasonably, "J. C.'s paid good money for that horse."

"I know," Susie said wretchedly. Her shoulders drooped a little. "I don't know what's the matter with me, Joe. It's not like me to be like this. And Mr. Leachey says the horse is okay, too."

"Leachey does?" Joe said sharply. "Have you seen him, then?"

"Yes. Over there by the tent just before you came back. He asked if you were jumping Magpie and I said no. I said I was, and how did he go as a rule, and he just said he took a bit of holding in the ring but he had a terrific 'pop,' and all I had to do was to stay on top."

"Well, if there was anything wrong, Leachey would have told you," Joe said. "If you ask me, Magpie may run out or stop dead at the last moment, but I should think that's the worst."

"I suppose so," Susie said forlornly. Then her lower lip trembled and she caught at it against her top teeth. It was her old habit, dating right from the days when she used to be scared and didn't want to show it. It was something Joe hadn't seen her do for ages.

"Oh, come on then, kid," he said roughly, and pulled her off. "Leave it to me."

Joe let out Magpie's leathers and lengthened the girth. Then he mounted the piebald and trotted off down the field, riding carelessly with a loose rein, asking for trouble. Nothing happened. The horse was a poor ride but appeared to be quite willing.

He rode coolly into the main ring, his mind concentrated on distance and timing, on sending the piebald on straight with his seat-bones and legs. He took the first four jumps with an ease and a height that delighted him. The piebald was a jumper, all right. No doubt at all about that.

But then, as he started for the fifth, he felt it happen, felt that strange slackening Susie had spoken of. It was just as though the horse was a tightly blown-up balloon that was deflating fast.

And this time the piebald was heading deliberately for the wing of the jump. . . .

Joe tried desperately to wrench the animal round, but it was no good. The horse wouldn't answer the bit at all. Its jaw and neck were as rigid as iron.

The moment before it crashed into the wing Joe knew what it was going to do. And instead of trying to stick on, he kicked out of the stirrups, put both hands on the pommel of the saddle and shoved off hard as the horse went over and down. He fell clear, the murderous hooves missing his head by inches as the brute rolled over sideways.

The piebald scrambled to its feet and made off at once for the gate. Joe sat where he had fallen, looking at the marks where the horse had rolled. All he could think of was Susie, and what would have happened to her if she'd been in that saddle. Susie was no good at vaulting. Girls never were. Little Susie would have stuck to the piebald like a limpet, and it would have tangled her in the wing and then rolled on her and over her.

Suddenly he felt dreadfully sick and angry. Angry as he had never felt before.

He got up and began to walk out of the ring, not following the piebald but heading towards the members' enclosure.

When he began to walk, he discovered that his ankle was slightly twisted so that he could only limp along painfully, but it didn't matter. He had a job to do.

He got under the ropes and made straight for the members' bar.

He stopped just inside the doorway. Leachey looked up and saw the boy standing there, and a faintly amused look came into his eyes.

"If you're looking for your father, Joe, he's not here," Leachey said.

"I'm not looking for my father, Mr. Leachey," Joe said. "I'm looking for you. I want a word with you about that piebald."

Joe was so angry that his voice was all tight and squeaky, and one or two people stopped talking and looked round, surprised.

"Ah, yes—the piebald," Leachey said. "You fell off, I believe. Bad luck."

"That's not the point." Joe swallowed and steadied his treacherous voice. "What I want to know, Mr. Leachey, is why you told a little girl of thirteen that that horse was safe for her to jump. The horse is a menace, and you know it as well as I do!"

There was dead silence in the tent now, and Leachey flushed, annoyed.

"I think you're being rather stupid," he said coldly. "And aren't you under age to come into a bar in any case? I don't remember telling your sister anything about the horse, and it's not my business to act as nursemaid to your family. Since you ask me, I must say I think your father was very ill-advised to consider allowing a child of that age to jump in the open class at all. But that's hardly my affair."

Leachey nodded and turned away.

Joe's hand shot out. He snatched up a half-empty beer glass and flung it straight at Leachey's face.

"You rotten twister!" he said through his teeth.

The glass was heavy, and there was a nick in it that just caught Leachey's cheek.

The big man stood there with blood

and beer over his face and dripping down on to his checked coat. His heavy-jowled face went purple.

"Why, you——!" he spluttered, speechless with rage. He glared around him. "Here—I'm not having this! Call the police, somebody!" At the same time he advanced upon Joe, clenching and unclenching his big fists, shaking with rage.

Leachey was a big man, while Joe was small and slight for his seventeen years. And there was nothing but space behind Joe. But the boy staunchly stood his ground, alone in the middle of that space.

Then, suddenly, he wasn't alone any more. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and he knew whose it was.

"Call the police if you like, Leachey," J. C. said quietly. "You have a charge against my son? You also had a horse with which you hoped you'd wreck my reputation and steal my best client. I made no secret of the fact that I was looking for a jumper for Colonel Everton, and you were hoping the horse wouldn't play up until it reached him. There was quite a chance it would play up this afternoon, which meant a little girl might be hurt, but, as you said just now, that was nothing to do with you. She has a witness to your conversation, by the way. But go ahead—call the police by all means."

"There's nothing wrong with that horse!" Leachey blustered furiously. "The boy couldn't handle your chestnut, and he couldn't ride one side of the piebald. But if you're convinced there is—why, I'll take him back. I can't say fairer than that, can I?" Leachey spread his hands, appealing to the now silent men standing round.

"The horse is on its way to be destroyed," J. C. said evenly. "I don't take risks, Leachey, either with my reputation or with children. Anyone's children."

He shifted his grip on Joe's shoulder. "We'd best be getting along, Joe," he said.

He turned to leave the tent. But he had to wait for Joe. The boy's ankle had swollen up, and he was hobbling badly now.

"What's up?" J. C. asked quickly.

"Ankle," Joe said. "Nothing much" But his face was pale. J. C. tucked a strong hand under the boy's arm.

SUSIE was waiting outside the tent, looking all hot and worried. "Joe—you're hurt!" she exclaimed when she saw him leaning on J. C. She ran round to his other side to help him.

"It's nothing," Joe said.

But Susie was very distressed. "Oh, Joe!" she said, "that was an awful thing to happen! I'd no idea the piebald would do anything like that."

Joe looked at her in surprise. "But you were the one that found out what the horse was like," he said.

"Well, I knew there was *something* wrong with it," Susie said hastily. "But I—well. . . ."

She got very confused, went very pink in the face and looked away.

J. C. was the first to tumble to it, and his grim face suddenly relaxed into one of his rare smiles.

"So that was it, eh?" he said. "You were scared, eh, my girl, but not *that* scared. What you were really after was getting Joe to ride after all——"

He looked at Joe. "That's women for you, Joe," he said. Then the corners of his mouth twitched and he added: "I bet if young Susie wanted a motor-bike, she'd have got it long before now."

Joe looked at his father, his heart lifting.

"Now would do all right for me," he said.

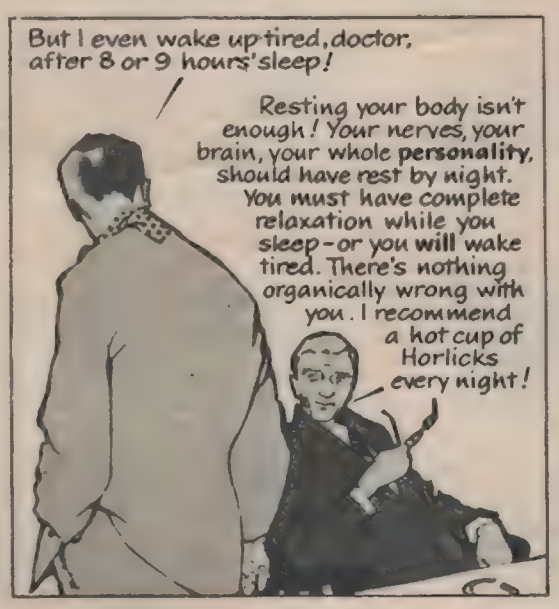
"Right," said J. C.

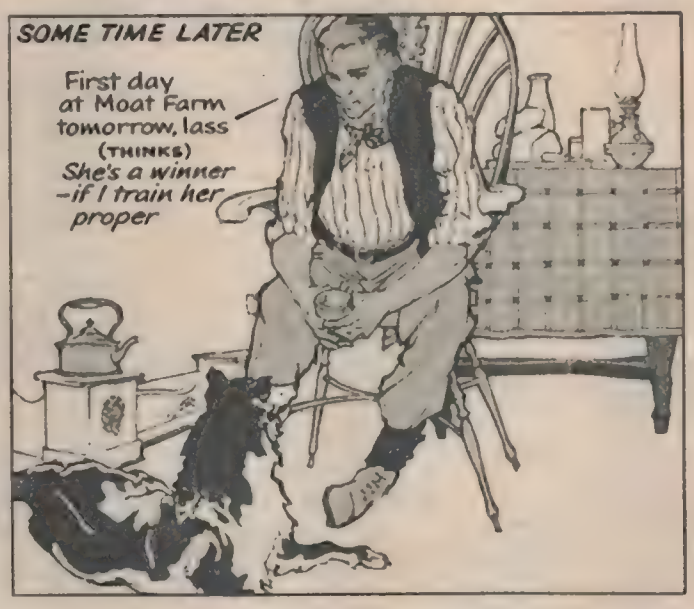
It was a word and a tone he always used when he had made up his mind about anything, about a horse or a price or anything else. And that one word of J. C.'s was good enough for Joe.

As they set off back towards the box, he pressed his sister's eagerly helping hand against his side.

"Little devil," he said. THE END

... don't rightly know, Mr. Burke. I-I been a bit fagged lately
You knew that stray dog from the old camp was around. And you forgot to mend the hurdles...


But I even wake up tired, doctor, after 8 or 9 hours' sleep!
Resting your body isn't enough! Your nerves, your brain, your whole personality, should have rest by night. You must have complete relaxation while you sleep – or you will wake tired. There's nothing organically wrong with you. I recommend a hot cup of Horlicks every night!



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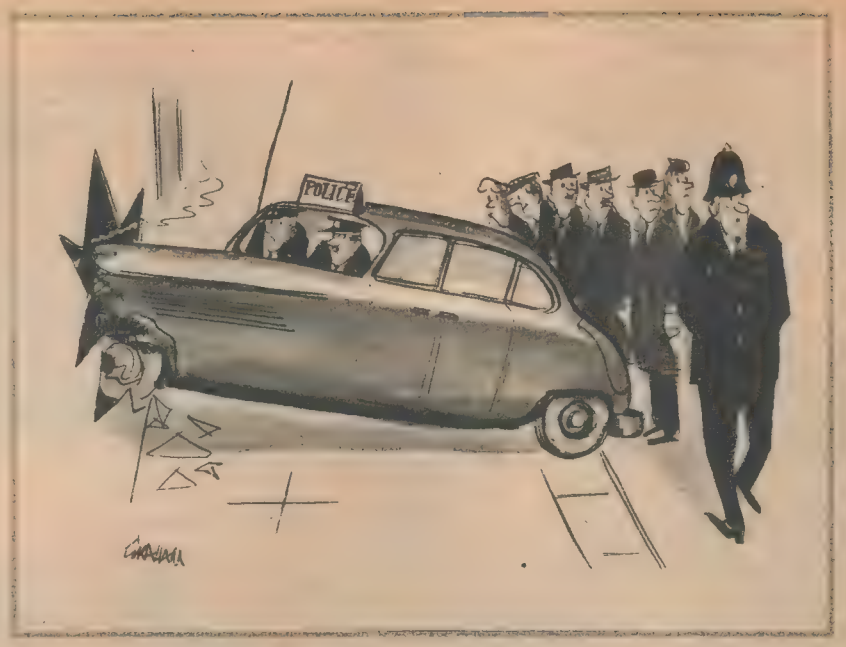

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 25

was already overcrowded, and McCullum's presence would add seriously to the overcrowding. But it was Jones who would have to find a way round the difficulty.

"Attend to it after we're under way, Mr. Jones. No more time to waste."

Minutes were always valuable. The wind might shift or drop. An hour wasted now might mean the loss of a week. Hornblower was in a fever to get his ship clear of the Gut and into the wider waters of the Mediterranean, where he would have sea room in which to beat against a Levanter should it come blowing out of the east.

But at least he had come into Gibraltar Bay after dawn and he was leaving before nightfall. He could not be accused of wasting any time. They had rounded the Rock; Hornblower looked into the binnacle and up at the commission pendant blowing out from the masthead.

"Full and by," he ordered.

"Full and by, sir," echoed the quartermaster at the wheel.

A keen gust of wind came blowing down out of the Sierra de Ronda, laying the Atropos over as the trimmed yards braced the sails to catch it. Over she lay; a short, steep wave came after them, the remnants of an Atlantic roller that had survived its passage through the Gut. Atropos lifted her stern to it, heaving jerkily in this unnatural opposition of wind and wave. Spray burst under her counter, and spray burst round her bows as she plunged. She plunged again in the choppy sea. She was only a little ship, the smallest three-masted vessel in the service, the smallest that could merit a captain to command her. Hornblower looked round him at the wintry Mediterranean, at the fresh clouds obscuring the sinking sun. The waves could toss his ship about, the winds could heel her over, but standing there, braced on the quarter-deck, he was master of them.

His exultation even remained when he quitted the deck and descended into the cabin. Here the prospect was cheerless in the extreme. The furniture about him was what the ship's carpenter had made for him—canvas chairs, a rough-and-ready table, a cot whose frame was strung with cordage to support a coarse canvas mattress stuffed with straw. A canvas pillow, straw-filled, to support his head; coarse navy blankets to cover his skinny body. There was no carpet on the deck under his feet; the light came from a swinging and odorous ship's lantern. A shelf with a hole in it supported a tin washbasin; on the bulkhead above it hung the scrap of polished steel mirror from Hornblower's meagre canvas dressing-roll. A monk's cell could hardly have been more bare.

But there was no self-pity in Hornblower's mind as he crouched under the low deck beams unhooking his stock preparatory to going to bed. He expected little from this world, and he could lead an inner life of the mind that could render him oblivious to discomfort.

The wind continued to hold fair. It was at noon on the sixth day that the lookout hailed the deck.

"Sail ho! Dead to loo'ard."

"Bear down on her, Mr. Jones, if you please. Mr. Smiley! Take a glass and see what you make of her."

This was the second of the rendezvous which Collingwood had named in his orders. Yesterday's had been barren. Not a sail had been sighted since leaving Gibraltar. Collingwood's frigates had swept the sea clear of French and Spanish shipping.

"Captain, sir! She's a frigate. One of ours."

"Very well. Signal midshipman! Be ready with the private signal and our number."

"Captain, sir! I can see mastheads beyond her. Looks like a fleet."

"Very well, Mr. Jones, I'll have the gunner make ready to salute the flag, if you please."

"Aye aye, sir."

There was the Mediterranean Fleet, a score of ships of the line, moving slowly in two columns over the blue sea under a blue sky.

"Frigate's Maenad, twenty-eight, sir."

"Very well."

Hornblower, on the quarter-deck with his glass to his eye, could see the double column of topsails of ships of the line, close hauled, every ship exactly the same distance astern of her predecessor. He could see the vice-admiral's flag at the foremast of the leader of the weather line.

"Mr. Carslake! Have the mailbags ready for sending off."

"Aye aye, sir."

His own packet of dispatches for Collingwood was handy in his cabin.

Now, the flagship was signalling.

"General signal, sir. Number forty-one. This is 'tack,' sir."

"Very well."

Down came the signal from the flagship's yardarm; that was the executive moment. Round came the flagship's yards; round came the yards of the scouting frigates, and of the leader of the lee column. One by one, at precise intervals, the succeeding ships in the columns came round in order; Hornblower could see the momentary backing and filling of the mizzen-topsails which maintained the ships so exactly spaced and he wondered, with a qualm of doubt, if he would be able to maintain Atropos so exactly in station now that the time had come to join the fleet.

The manoeuvre was completed now; on its new tack the fleet was steadily plunging forward over the blue sea.

"General signal, sir. 'Hands to dinner.'"

"Very well."

Hornblower felt a bubbling of excitement within him as he stood and

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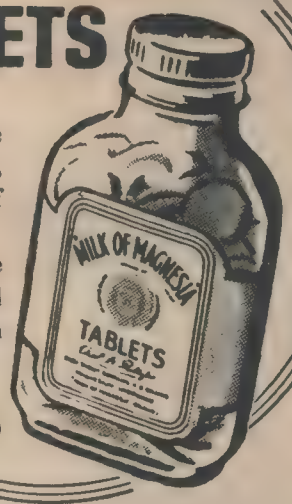

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watched. The next signal would surely be for him.

"Our number, sir! Flag to Atropos. Take station to windward of me at two cables' lengths."

"Very well. Acknowledge."

There were eyes turned upon him everywhere on deck. This was the moment of trial. He had to come down past the screening frigates, cross ahead of what was now the weather column, and come to the wind at the right moment and at the right distance. And the whole fleet would be watching the little ship.

"Quartermaster! Port a little. Meet her. Steady as you go! Keep her at that! Mr. Jones!"

"Aye aye, sir."

No need for an order to Jones. He was more anxious — at least more apparently anxious—than Hornblower was. He had the hands at the braces trimming the yards already.

"Port a little! Steady!"

The leading ship—she wore a rear admiral's flag—of the weather column was now nearly on his port beam. Four cables' length was the distance between the two columns, but as his station was to windward of the flagship, nearly on her starboard beam, he would be by no means between the two ships, nor equidistant from them.

"Mr. Jones! Clue up the mizzen tops'l."

Now Atropos would have a reserve of speed that he could call for if necessary. He was glad that he had subjected his crew to ceaseless sail drill ever since leaving Deptford.

"Stand by the mizzen tops'l sheets."

They were fast approaching their station. His eye darted from one column of ships to the other; he could see all the starboard sides of one and all the port sides of the other. His judgment told him this must be the moment. The bows were pointing at the flagship's jib-boom.

"Port your helm," he ordered. Perhaps he was wrong. Perhaps the little ship's response would be delayed. Perhaps—he had to keep his voice steady. "Bring her to the wind."

The wheel spun over. There was a nervous second or two. Then he felt the heel of the ship alter under his feet; and he saw the flagship come round on Atropos's port beam, and he knew Atropos was turning.

"Steady!"

The yards were braced up; strong arms were hauling on the tacks. A moment or two while Atropos regained the small amount of way she had lost through her turn; but even making allowance for that he could see that the flagship was slowly head-reaching on her.

"Mr. Jones! Sheet home the mizzen tops'l." With the mizzen topsail drawing full, they would head-reach in turn upon the flagship. "Keep the hands at the braces there"

Occasionally spilling the wind from the mizzen topsail would enable Atropos to keep her speed equal to the flagship's. Hornblower felt the wind on his neck; he looked up at the pendant and at the flagship. He was exactly to windward of her, and there was two cables' length between them.

"Mr. Jones! You may begin the salute."

Fifteen guns for a vice-admiral, a minute and a quarter to fire them. That might be long enough for him to regain his composure, and for his heart to resume its normal rate of beating. Now they were part of the Mediterranean Fleet, the tiniest, most insignificant part of it. Hornblower looked down the massive lines of ships ploughing along behind them, three-deckers, two-deckers, ships of a hundred guns and ships of seventy-four, the ships which had fought at Trafalgar, the roar of whose cannons had dashed from Bonaparte's lips the heady cup of world domination.

"Our number, sir! Flag to Atropos. 'Welcome.'"

"Reply to Flag. 'Respectful greetings.'"

Eager hands worked vigorously on the signal halliards.

"Signal 'Atropos to Flag. Have aboard dispatches and letters for fleet.'"

"Flagship acknowledges, sir."

"Flagship's signalling again," announced Still. "General signal. 'Heave to on the starboard tack.'"

"Acknowledge, Mr. Jones! Clue up the courses." Hornblower watched the hands at clue-garnets and buntlines, the hands at the tacks and sheets.

"Signal's down, sir."

Hornblower had already seen the first movement of descent. "Back the mizzen tops'l. Let her come up."

Atropos rode easily, just meeting the waves with her bow, as the sharp struggle with the wind changed to yielding acquiescence, like a girl's resistance giving way in her lover's arms. But here was another long signal from the flagship.

"General signal. 'Send to'—our number, sir—'for letters.'"

"Mr. Carslake! Have those mail-bags on deck at once. You'll have a boat from every ship in the fleet alongside."

It was at least a month since any letters had reached the Fleet from England. Not a newspaper, not a word. Possibly some of the ships present had not yet seen the accounts in the press of the victory they had won at Trafalgar four months before.

Another signal.

"Our number, sir. 'Flag to Atropos. Come and report.'"

"Call away my gig."

There was just time, when he ran below to get the pack of dispatches, to change his coat, to pass a comb through his hair, and twitch his neckcloth into position. He was back on deck just as his gig touched the water. Lusty work at the oars carried him round to the flagship. A chair dangled at her side, now almost lipped as a wave rose at it, now high above the water as the wave passed on. He managed to seat himself, and he felt the chair soar swiftly upwards as the hands above hauled on the tackle. The pipes shrilled as his head reached the level of the main-deck and the chair was swung in. He stepped aboard with his hand to the brim of his hat.

The deck was as white as paper, as white as the gloves and the shirts of the

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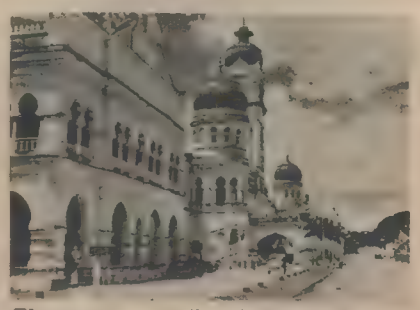

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sideboys. Gold leaf gleamed in the sun, the most elaborate Turks' heads adorned the ropework. The King's own yacht could not be smarter than the quarter-deck of the Ocean—that was what could be done in the flagship of a victorious admiral. The lieutenant of the watch, his telescope quite dazzling with polished brass and pipeclayed twine, wore spotless and unwrinkled white trousers; the buttons on his well-fitting coat winked in the sunshine. The flag captain and the flag lieutenant were equally smart as they made him welcome.

"His Lordship is awaiting you below, sir," said the flag lieutenant. "Will you come this way?"

Collingwood shook hands with him in the great cabin below. He was a large man, stoop-shouldered, with a pleasant smile. He eagerly took the packets Hornblower offered him, glancing at the superscriptions. One he kept in his hands, the others he gave to his secretary.

"Please sit down, Captain. Harkness, a glass of Madeira for Captain Hornblower. Or there is some Marsala that I can recommend, sir. Please forgive me for a moment. You will understand when I tell you these are letters from my wife."

It was an upholstered chair in which Hornblower sat; under his feet was a thick carpet; there were a couple of pictures in gilt frames on the bulkheads; silver lamps hung by silver chains from the deck-beams. But what held his attention most was two long boxes against the great stern windows. They were filled with earth and were planted with flowers—hyacinths and daffodils, blooming and lovely. The scent of the hyacinths reached Hornblower's nostrils where he sat. There was something fantastically charming about them here at sea.

"I've been successful with my bulbs this year," said Collingwood, putting his letters in his pocket and following Hornblower's glance. He walked over and tilted up a daffodil bloom with sensitive fingers. "They are beautiful, aren't they? Soon the daffodils will be flowering in England—some time, perhaps, I'll see them again. Meanwhile these help to keep me contented. It is three years since I last set foot on land. . . . You will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner, Captain?"

"I should be honoured. my lord."

It was gratifying to bring that phrase out pat like that, with only the least feeling of embarrassment.

"That is excellent. You will be able to tell me all the gossip of home. I fear there will be no other opportunity for some time, as Atropos will not be staying with the Fleet."

"Indeed, my lord?"

Now this was a moment of high excitement, when the future was about to be revealed to him. But of course the excitement must not be allowed to appear: only the guarded interest of a self-contained captain ready for anything.

"I fear so—not that you young captains with your saucy little ships want to stay tied to a fleet's apron strings."

Collingwood was smiling again, but there was something in the words that started a new train of thought in Hornblower's mind. Of course, Collingwood had watched the advent of the newest recruit to his fleet with a keen eye. Hornblower suddenly realized that if Atropos had been clumsy in taking up station, or dilatory in answering signals, his reception here might not have been so pleasant.

"You have this man McCullum and his natives on board?" asked Collingwood.

"Yes, my lord."

Only a little self-restraint was necessary to refrain from asking what the mission would be.

"You are not acquainted with the Levant?"

"No, my lord."

So it was to be the Levant, among the Turks and the Greeks and the Syrians.

"You soon will be, Captain. After taking my dispatches to Malta you will

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by Jennifer Thornton

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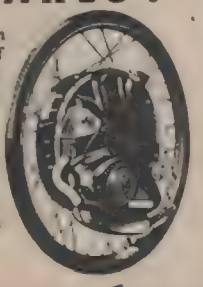

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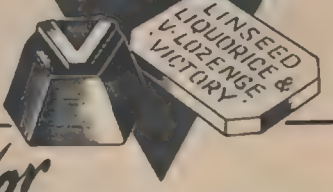

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convey Mr. McCullum to Marmorice Bay and assist him in his operations there."

Marmorice Bay? That was on the coast of Asia Minor. The fleet and transports which had attacked Egypt some years ago had rendezvoused there. It was a far cry from Deptford.

"Aye aye, my lord," said Hornblower.

"I understand you have no sailing master in Atropos."

"No, my lord. Two master's mates."

"In Malta you will have a sailing master assigned to you. George Turner; he is familiar with Turkish waters and he was with the fleet in Marmorice. He took the bearings when Speedwell sank."

Speedwell? Hornblower raked back in his memory. She was the transport which had capsized and sunk at her anchors in a sudden gale of wind in Marmorice Bay.

"Yes, my lord."

"She had on board the military chest of the expeditionary force. I don't expect you knew that."

"No, indeed, my lord."

"A very considerable sum in gold and silver coin for the pay and subsistence of the troops—a quarter of a million sterling. She sank in water far deeper than any diver in the service could reach. But as no one knew what our gallant allies the Turks might contrive by way of salvage with infinite leisure, it was decided to keep the loss a secret. And meanwhile the government sent to India for divers who could reach those depths."

"I see, my lord."

"Now it will be your duty to go to Marmorice Bay and with the assistance of McCullum and Turner to recover that treasure."

"Aye aye, my lord."

"You will have to be careful in your dealings with our friend the Turk. He will be curious about your presence in Marmorice, and when he ascertains the object of your visit he may raise objections. You will have to conduct yourself according to the circumstances of the moment."

"Aye aye, my lord."

"You will not find all this in your orders, Captain. But you must understand that the Cabinet has no wish for complications with the Turks. Yet at the same time a quarter of a million sterling in cash would be a godsend to the government today—or any day."

"I think I understand, my lord."

"Fortunately it is an unfrequented coast. The Turks maintain very small forces, either military or naval, in the locality. That does not mean that you should attempt to carry off matters with a high hand."

Not in Atropos with eleven popguns a side, thought Hornblower, and then he mentally withdrew the sneer. He understood what Collingwood meant.

"No, my lord."

"Very well then, Captain. Thank you."

The secretary at Collingwood's elbow had a pile of open dispatches in his hand, and was clearly waiting for a break in the conversation to give him an opportunity to intervene. Hornblower rose to his feet.

MALTA; Ricasoli Point on one hand and Fort St. Elmo returning the salute on the other, and the Grand Harbour opening up between them; Valletta with its palaces on the promontory; gaily painted small craft everywhere; a fresh north-easterly wind blowing.

There would be little leisure for Hornblower, it appeared, during the few hours that he would be here. He could combine his official calls with his personal delivery of the dispatches entrusted to him, which would save a good deal of time, but that saving was immediately eaten up by the demands on his attention.

It would be quarter-day, or as near to it as made no matter, by the time letters from Malta would reach England, so that now he could draw against his pay—enough to provide himself with a few luxuries in these islands where bread was dear and luxuries cheap. Oranges and olives and fresh vegetables—the bumboats were already

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

awaiting permission to come alongside.

McCullum, with his salvage operations in mind, was anxious for an indent to be made for supplies he considered necessary. He wanted a mile of half-inch line and a quarter mile of slow match—a fantastic demand, to Hornblower's mind, but McCullum knew more about his business than he did, presumably—and five hundred feet of leather "fuse-hose," which was something Hornblower had hardly heard of. Hornblower signed the indent wondering vaguely whether the Navy Office would surcharge him with it.

And here was another complication; a note from His Excellency the Governor. Would Captain Hornblower and one of his officers dine at the Palace this afternoon? There was no choice but to accept, and there was equally no debate regarding which officer he should take with him. His Excellency would never forgive him if he heard who had been on board Atropos and he had not been afforded the opportunity of seating royalty at his table.

"Pass the word for Mr. Prince," said Hornblower, "and the doctor."

The prince came in a little breathless, still twitching his uniform into some kind of order.

Eisenbeiss was breathing hard, too—he had had to come the whole length of the ship and through a narrow hatchway.

"Please explain to His Serene Highness," said Hornblower, "that he is coming ashore with me to dine with the Governor."

Eisenbeiss spoke in German, and the boy gave his mechanical little bow.

"His Serene Highness is to wear his court dress?" asked Eisenbeiss.

"No," said Hornblower, "his uniform. And if ever I see him again with his shoes as badly brushed as those are I'll take the cane to him."

"Sir. . . ." said Eisenbeiss, but words failed him.

The thought of the cane being applied to his prince struck him dumb; fortunately, perhaps.

"So that I am to wear this uniform, too, sir?" asked Eisenbeiss.

"I fear you have not been invited, Doctor," said Hornblower.

"But I am First Chamberlain to His Serene Highness, sir!" exploded Eisenbeiss. "This will be a visit of ceremony, and it is a fundamental law of Seitz-Bunau that I make all presentations."

Hornblower kept his temper. "And I represent His Britannic Majesty," he said.

"Surely His Britannic Majesty cannot wish that his ally should not be treated with the honours due to his royal position. As Secretary of State it is my duty to make an official protest."

"Yes," said Hornblower. He put out his hand and bent the Prince's head forward. "You might be better employed seeing that His Serene Highness washes behind his ears."

"Sir! Sir!" said Eisenbeiss.

"Be ready and properly dressed in half an hour, if you please, Mr. Prince."

DINNER at the Palace ran the dreary course it might be expected to take. Hornblower found himself between two dull women, one of them with red hands and the other with a chronic sniff. He struggled to make polite conversation, and he was careful with his wineglass, contriving merely to sip when the others drank deep.

The Governor drank to His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau, and the Prince, with the most perfect aplomb, drank to His Majesty the King of Great Britain; presumably those were the first words of English he had ever learned, long before he had learned to shout "Vast heaving" or "Come on, you no-sailors, you."

When the ladies had withdrawn, Hornblower listened to His Excellency's comments about Bonaparte's threatening invasion of Southern Italy, and about the chances of preserving Sicily from his clutches; and a decent interval after returning to the drawing-room he caught the Prince's eye. The Prince smiled back at him and rose to his feet; it was odd to watch him receiving the bows of the men and the curtsies of the ladies with the assurance of ingrained habit. Tomorrow the boy would be in the gunroom mess again; Hornblower wondered whether he was able yet to stand up for his rights there and make sure he received no more than his fair share of gristle when the meat was served.

The gig whisked them across the Grand Harbour from the Governor's steps to the ship's side, and Hornblower came on to the quarter-deck with the bos'n's pipes to welcome him.

He was conscious even before he had taken his hand from his hat brim that there was something wrong. There was no trouble with the hands, judging by their attitudes as they stood crowded forward. The three Ceylonese divers were there in their accustomed isolation by the knight-heads. But the officers grouped aft wore an apprehensive look; Hornblower's eyes moved from face to face, from Jones to Still, the two lieutenants, to Carslake, the purser, and to Silver, the master's mate of the watch. It was Jones, as senior officer, who came forward to report.

"If you please, sir——"

"What is it, Mr. Jones?"

"If you please, sir there has been a duel."

"Who fought?" demanded Hornblower.

"The doctor and Mr. McCullum, sir."

Well, somewhere they could pick up another doctor, and if the worst came to the worst they could manage without one at all.

"What happened?"

"Mr. McCullum was shot through the lungs, sir."

McCullum! That was something entirely different, something of vital importance. A bullet through the lungs meant death almost for certain, and what was he to do with McCullum dead? McCullum had been sent for all the way from India. It would take a year and a half to get someone out from there to replace him. No ordinary man with salvage experience would do: it had to be someone who knew how to use the Ceylonese divers. Hornblower wondered with sick despair whether a man had ever been so plagued as he was. He had to swallow before he could speak again.

"Where is he now?"

"Mr. McCullum, sir? He's in the hands of the garrison surgeon in the hospital ashore."

"He's still alive?"

Jones spread despairing hands.

"Yes, sir. He was alive half an hour ago."

"Where's the doctor?"

"Down below in his berth, sir."

"I'll see him. No, wait. I'll send for him when I want him."

He wanted to think; he needed time and leisure to decide what was to be done. But now here was Jones with something else to bother him.

"Mr. Turner's come aboard, sir."

TURNER? Turner? That was the sailing master with experience of Turkish waters whom Collingwood had detailed specially to service in Atropos. He came from behind Jones as the words were said, a wizened old man with a letter in his hand, presumably orders.

"Welcome aboard, Mr. Turner," said Hornblower, forcing himself into cordiality while wondering whether he would ever make use of Turner's services.

"Your servant, sir," said Turner with old-fashioned politeness.

"Mr. Jones, see that Mr. Turner's comfortable."

"Aye aye, sir."

That was the only reply Jones could make, however hard of execution the order might be. But clearly Jones meditated some supplementary remark; it could be that he was going to suggest putting Turner into McCullum's quarters. Hornblower could not bear the thought of having to listen to anything of the sort while he had yet to reach a decision.

"Get below, all of you," he snapped. "I want this deck clear."

They looked at him as if they had not heard him aright, and knew they had.

"Get below, if you please," he said, and the "if you please" did nothing to soften the harshness of his request. "Master's mate of the watch, see that this deck is kept clear, and keep out of my way yourself."

So he had the quarter-deck to himself, on which to stride up and down, from taffrail to mizzen mast and back again, in the fast-fading twilight.

He had to reach a decision. The obvious thing to do was to report to Collingwood and await further orders. But how long would it be before any

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 28 the judge began by explaining the terms "motor vehicle" and "mechanically propelled vehicle." They meant, he said, any vehicle which is capable of being mechanically propelled. "It doesn't matter whether the engine is being used or not," he added. "After all, a motor car does not cease to become a motor car just because the engine is not running." So the crestfallen Freda had committed an offence, although she had to pay only a small fine. (*This is the probable decision, based on actual cases.*)

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"What's up with *you*, all of a sudden?"

vessel left Malta with letters for Collingwood, and how long would it be before another returned? A month altogether, probably. No captain worth his salt would keep Atropos lying idle in Grand Harbour for a month. He could go and seek out Collingwood, himself, but the same objections applied. No. No. It would never do.

Then he must proceed with his orders as if nothing had happened to McCullum. That meant he must undertake the salvage operations himself, and he knew nothing about the subject. A wave of fury passed over him. Why could not McCullum have held his pistol straighter and killed the ridiculous doctor instead?

With a grinding feeling of guilt, another consideration crept in. He should have been aware of bad blood between the people in his ship. In the wardroom the doctor and McCullum had probably got on each other's nerves; there could be no doubt about that—and presumably ashore, over wine in some tavern, the enmity had flared up and brought about the duel. He should have known about the possibility and nipped it in the bud. Hornblower scourged himself spiritually for his remissness. He experienced bitter self-contempt at that moment. Perhaps he was unfit to be captain of one of His Majesty's ships. . . .

THE thought brought about an even greater internal upheaval. He could not bear it. He must prove to himself that there was no truth in it, or he must break himself in the attempt. He must carry through that salvage operation by his own efforts if necessary. He must. He *must*.

McCullum had indented for "leather fuse-hose"; that was some indication of how the salvage problem was to be approached. And McCullum was not yet dead, as far as he knew. He might—no, it was hardly possible. No one ever survived a bullet through the lungs. And yet. . . .

"Mr. Nash!"

"Sir?" said the master's mate of the watch, coming at the run.

"My gig. I'm going over to the hospital."

The garrison officers were still at mess, sitting over their wine, and the mess sergeant, at Hornblower's request, went in and fetched out the surgeon. He was a youngish man, and fortunately still sober. He stood with the candlelight on his face and listened attentively to Hornblower's questions.

"The bullet hit him in the right armpit," said the surgeon. "One would expect that, as he would be standing with his shoulder turned to his opponent and his arm raised. The actual wound was on the posterior margin of the armpit, towards the back, in other words, and on the level of the fifth rib."

The heart was on the level of the fifth rib, as Hornblower knew, and the expression had an ominous sound.

"I suppose the bullet did not go right through?" he asked.

"No," replied the surgeon. "It is very rare for a pistol bullet, if it touches bone, to go through the body, even at twelve paces. The powder charge is only one drachm. Naturally the bullet is still there, presumably within the chest cavity."

"So he is unlikely to live?"

"Very unlikely. It is a surprise he has lived so long. The haemoptysis—the spitting of blood, you understand, sir—has been extremely slight. Most chest wounds die of internal bleeding within an hour or two, but in this case the lung can hardly have been touched. There is considerable contusion under the right scapula—that is the shoulder blade—indicating that the bullet terminated its course there."

"Close to the heart?"

"Close *behind* the heart, sir," the surgeon amended. "But it can have touched none of the great vessels, most surprisingly, or he would have been dead within a few minutes."

"Then why do you think he will not live?"

The doctor shook his head. "Once an opening has been made in the chest cavity, sir, there is little chance, and with the bullet still inside, the chance is negligible. It will certainly have carried fragments of clothing in with it. We may expect internal mortification, a general gathering of malignant humours, and eventual death within a few days."

"You could not probe for the bullet?"

"Within the chest wall? My dear sir!"

"What action have you taken, then?"

"I have bound up the wound of entry to put an end to the bleeding there. I have strapped up the chest to ensure that the jagged ends of the broken ribs do no more damage to the

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Strong medicine

NONE can be happy for long unless conduct agree with principles. Our actions and behaviour towards others, our arguments and discussions must all square with our beliefs.

This can only be done by frequent and honest self-examination, constant thought and discipline.

Hard? Of course. But, as unhappiness is harder to bear than happiness, the medicine is worth taking.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Irregular elimination, the experts say, is probably the most common of all human ailments. If you happen to be one of its victims, you owe it to yourself to read every word of this.

CONSTIPATION CAN BE ENTIRELY RELIEVED BY A FOOD

Nature has her own way of dealing with the complaint no-one cares to talk about

Nearly all of us, at one time or another, suffer from "irregularity." This condition has the effect of making us feel tired out, incapable of enjoying life — we feel lifeless and depressed. Nature has her own remedy for this condition. It is simply a matter of introducing more "bulk" into our daily diet.

CONSTIPATION — what is it?

Constipation is a condition that, unfortunately, occurs in an astonishingly high proportion of men and women today. It is a persistent condition of sluggishness in eliminating waste products from the body and often grows almost unnoticed. It is far more common among those whose work does not give them plenty of exercise than among those who constantly keep their muscles in tone by regular manual work.

The effects of constipation are many and varied, from a host of minor troubles such as irritation, inefficiency, moodiness and a general lack of well-being to more serious ailments such as bad complexion, dizziness, lack-lustre eyes and a liability to colds and 'flu.

Most sufferers from constipation in its mild, occasional form resort to dosing themselves with harsh purgatives. This affords only temporary relief—and that, at a considerable cost to your system. Meanwhile, "progressive constipation" gets a grip, and the body no longer reacts to purging. Bigger doses, or another formula, are used.

But there is *no* quick, overnight cure for this condition.

Modern diet is soft, starchy

The food we eat nowadays is mostly cooked, manufactured, and processed in various ways. Much of it is starch—bread, potatoes, macaroni, puddings, sweets, etc. This diet, lacking the fibre of more natural foods, lacking the "bulk" our intestines need for their proper working, cannot be naturally and regularly eliminated.

It stays in our bodies too long. It gives rise to gases and ferments. Stoppages occur. An occasional "flushing," of course, gives temporary relief. But what is needed is something that will get our insides into a regular, natural rhythm.

What you need is "bulk"

What is needed is "bulk." Our bodies can *only* work in the way Nature designed them to work. They should burn up the fats and starches and sugars into heat and energy, regularly getting rid of waste products. They should use meat, eggs, fish, cheese, to repair worn tissue, regularly eliminating the poisonous residues.

If, every day, we took enough "bulk" in our food to absorb, hold, and pass out all these waste products of digestion, then within a week or so a regular routine would be set up. The results in health, spirits and energy would astonish us.

But unless the *progressive* condition of *stasis* (stand-still) in our insides is ended by the passing of safe, non-irritant "bulk," right through the digestive tract, *regularly every 24 hours*, we cannot be sure that not only is each day's wastage removed, but that *accumulated* waste is gently but firmly eliminated.

Cut the vicious circle, NOW!

Unless waste is thus regularly eliminated, a vicious circle is set up. Unwanted matter accumulates. Its lingering by-products cause further interruption to the body's "regularity."

This progressive condition of stasis can be ended by a single, simple decision, on the part of every sufferer. A pleasant crisp breakfast cereal — ALL-BRAN — can be taken every day. All-Bran is "bulk." It takes up water. It expands into an unbelievably soft, fine, pulpy mass. It passes through the system in 24 hours. It brings away the whole of the residues, right through your system.

Even the worst cases — even a body that has had a lifetime of ill-usage — will respond to this gentle, natural persuasion within a week or two!

A daily helping of a delicious breakfast food will end "progressive constipation"

You are hardly aware, except by the astonishing feeling of well-being that you experience, that anything is happening inside you when you regularly eat All-Bran, with milk, or with milk and sugar, or with other cereals, or with fruit.

Nature is working for you. You are, by one simple, daily addition to your normal diet, becoming a natural person again. You are giving your system a food — rich in phosphorus and iron — that insensibly assumes the role of a soft interior brush, gentle but irresistible. You are taking natural "bulk." Your bowel muscles have something to grip, now. They act *naturally*. You are *really regular!*

The benefits are astounding!

The choice is *YOURS* — tomorrow morning

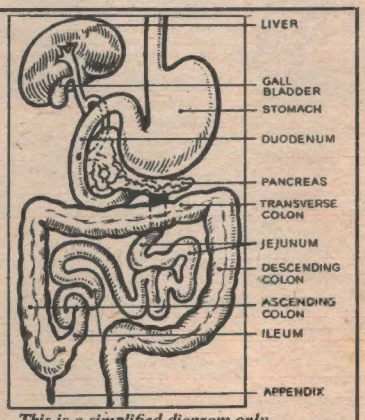
To be well, cheerful, full of energy and good spirits, keen in brain and body — or to be increasingly dull, listless, vaguely unwell, irritable, inefficient both at work and play!

Who would hesitate between these two alternatives, once he or she knew the answer to this almost universal complaint?

Try All-Bran for ten mornings. An 11½d. packet will convince you. You may not care for its nutty flavour — persons vary enormously in their likes and dislikes. In that case, try All-Bran with a little fruit, or marmalade. Or take it with your favourite cereal. **But take it. Take it regularly for ten days. If after ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of daily regularity, we will gladly refund DOUBLE your money!**

HOW CONSTIPATION OCCURS

In your inside, there are thirty whole feet of intestinal tubes. Your food passes thro' them after leaving the stomach, giving up its nutritive values, leaving waste products behind. Much of our modern food is so soft that it is too-readily absorbed, or forms a viscous, non-bulky residue. There is nothing for the lower bowel to grip. Once the bowel muscles find this happening, they relax. They get more and more unwilling, more and more unable, to work. But give them "bulk" regularly, and they respond regularly. All-Bran provides bulk naturally. You know nothing about it — but your bowel muscles do. You become "regular."



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"No more constipation for me!"

"When I left the Forces, I started being constipated," writes Mr. H. Mounsey, of Halton, Leeds, "and nothing I tried helped me. Ever since someone recommended All-Bran to me I've been a different man — 100% 'regular' and 100% fit."

"The nicest way to keep 'regular'"

"If you're constipated, All-Bran certainly does the trick," writes Mrs. Horsnell, of Leytonstone, London, E.11. "I and my family find that just a tablespoonful a day — mixed with other breakfast cereal — is all we need to keep us 'regular.'"

lungs and I have administered an opiate."

"An opiate? So he is not conscious now?"

"Certainly not."

"You say he may live a few days? How many?"

"I know nothing about the patient's constitution, sir. But he is a powerful man in the prime of life. It might be as much as a week. It might even be more. But on the other hand, if events take a bad turn he might be dead tomorrow."

"But if it is several days? Will he retain his senses during that time?"

"Likely enough. When he ceases to, it is a sign of the approaching end. Then we can expect fever, restlessness, delirium, and death."

"Supposing I took him to sea with me? Would that help? Or hinder?"

"You would have to ensure his immobility on account of the fractured ribs. But at sea he might perhaps even live longer. There are the usual Mediterranean agues in this island. And in addition there is an endemic low fever. My hospital is full of such cases."

Now this was a piece of information that really helped in coming to a decision.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Hornblower, and he took his decision.

The gig took him back through the darkness, over the black water, to where Atropos's riding light showed faintly. "Pass the word for the doctor to come to my cabin at once," was Hornblower's reply to the salute of the officer of the watch.

Eisenbeiss came slowly in. He approached the table behind which Hornblower was seated and stood sullen, meeting Hornblower's eyes with the guilty defiance of a man who has just taken another human's life.

"Mr. McCullum," began Hornblower, and the doctor's thick lips showed a trace of a sneer, "is being sent on board here tonight. He is still alive."

"On board here?" repeated the doctor, surprised into a change of attitude.

"You address me as 'sir.' Yes, I am having him sent over from the hospital. My orders to you are to make every preparation for his reception."

THE doctor's response was unintelligible German, but there could be no doubt it was an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Your answer to me is 'aye aye, sir,'" snapped Hornblower, his pent-up emotion and strain almost making him tremble as he sat at the table. He could not prevent his fist from clenching, but he managed to refrain from pounding the table. The intensity of his feelings must have had their effect telepathically.

"Aye aye, sir," said the doctor grudgingly.

"Mr. McCullum's life is extremely valuable, Doctor. Much more valuable than yours."

The doctor could only mumble in reply to that.

"It is your duty to keep him alive."

Hornblower's fist unclenched now, and he could make his points slowly, accentuating each with the tap of a lean forefinger on the table.

"You are to do all you can for him. If there is anything special that you require for the purpose you are to inform me and I shall endeavour to obtain it for you. His life is to be saved; if not, it is to be prolonged as far as possible. I would recommend you to establish a hospital for him abaft Number Six carronade on the starboard side, where the motion of the ship will be least felt, and where it will be possible to rig a shelter for him from the weather. You will apply to Mr. Jones for that. The ship's pigs can be taken for'ard where they will not discommode him."

Hornblower's pause and glance called forth an "aye aye, sir" from the doctor's lips like a cork from a bottle.

"We sail at dawn tomorrow," he went on. "Mr. McCullum is to live until we reach our destination, and until long after, long enough for him to execute the duty which has brought him from India. That is quite clear to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor.

HORNBLOWER continued: "You had better keep him alive. You had certainly better. If he dies I can try you for murder under the ordinary laws of England. Don't look at me like that. I am speaking the truth. The common law knows nothing about duels. I can hang you, Doctor."

The doctor was a shade paler, and his hands tried to express what his paralysed tongue would not.

"But simply hanging you would be too good for you, Doctor," said Hornblower. "I can do more than that, and I shall. You have a fat fleshy back. The cat would sink deeply into it. You've seen men flogged—you saw two flogged last week. You heard them scream. You will scream at the gratings too, Doctor. That I promise you."

"No!" said the doctor, "you can't—"

"You address me as 'sir,' and you do not contradict me. You heard my promise? I shall carry it out. I can, and I shall."

Hornblower was trying hard to keep his expression set hard, and to pay no

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attention to the internal calculations that persisted in maintaining themselves inside him. There might be terrible trouble if the Admiralty ever heard he had flogged a warranted doctor. And there was the other doubt—with McCullum once dead, Hornblower could not really believe he would torture a human being to no practical purpose. But as long as Eisenbeiss did not guess that, it did not matter.

"This is all quite clear to you now, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then my order is that you start making your arrangements now."

It was really a great surprise to Hornblower when Eisenbeiss still hesitated, and said: "Do you forget something, sir?"

"What do you think I have forgotten?"

"Mr. McCullum and I—we are enemies," said Eisenbeiss.

"And what of that?" Hornblower asked coldly.

"I shot him," said Eisenbeiss. "What will he say if I attend him?"

"Whose was the challenge?"

"He challenged me," said Eisenbeiss. "He said—he said I was no baron, and I said he was no gentleman. 'I will kill you for that,' he said, and so we fought."

Eisenbeiss had certainly said the thing that would best rouse McCullum's fury.

"You are convinced you are a baron?" asked Hornblower—curiosity urged him to ask the question as well as the need for time to reassemble his thoughts. The baron drew himself up as far as the deck-beams over his head allowed.

"I know I am, sir. My patent of nobility is signed by His Serene Highness himself."

"When did he do that?"

"As soon as—as soon as we were alone. Only His Serene Highness and I managed to cross the frontier when Bonaparte's men entered Seitz-Bunau. The others all took service with the tyrant. It was not fit that His Serene Highness should be attended only by a bourgeois. Only a noble could attend him to bed or serve his food. He had to have a High Chamberlain to regulate his ceremonial, and a Secretary of State to manage his foreign affairs. So His Serene Highness ennobled me, and gave me the high offices of State."

"On your advice?"

"I was the only adviser he had left."

ALL very interesting and much as Hornblower had imagined it, but it was not to the point. Hornblower was more ready now to face the real issue.

"In the duel," he asked, "you exchanged shots?"

"His bullet went past my ear."

"Then honour is satisfied on both sides," said Hornblower. But for the principals to meet in the relative positions of doctor and patient might be something different. He would have to deal with that difficulty when it arose.

"You are quite right to remind me about this, Doctor. I shall bear it in mind." Hornblower put on his hard face again. "But it makes no difference at all to my promise to you," he continued. "My orders still stand. They—still—stand."

It was several seconds before the reluctant answer came.

"Aye aye, sir."

"On your way out, would you please be good enough to pass the word for Mr. Turner, the new sailing master?"

"Aye aye, sir."

That showed the subtle difference between an order and a request—but both of them had to be obeyed.

"Now, Mr. Turner," said Hornblower when Turner arrived in the cabin, "our destination is Marmorice Bay, and we sail at dawn tomorrow. I want to know about the winds we can expect at this time of year. I want to lose no time at all in arriving there. Every hour—I may say every minute—is of importance."

Time was of importance, to make the most of a dying man's last hours.

To be continued next week

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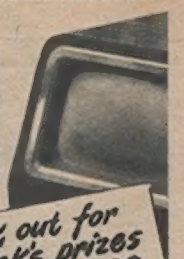

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Life Of The Nation
His Majesty, Baby
In The Political Jungle
Of No Importance
The Pace Is Killing, But
True Friend
Glory Of The Sunset
For Our Amusement
Woman On A Diet
Hollow Victory
A Thousand Eyes
Firm As A Rock
Grandpa's Trombone
Ran Into Trouble
Trembling On The Brink
"Forget It!"
Too Many Cooks
At Sleepytown Market
Almost Suffocated
Getting A Bit Rough

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Television's .....
Ruined Her.....
Looking Round The.....
Monument To.....
Snatched From .....
Be A.....And

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£25: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy: RATTLING AND SQUEAKING — INDUSTRY'S "CAR"—*Competitors* OVERHAULING.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: H. G. Pound, "Bransley," Roden Avenue, Kidderminster: FOOL OF A MOTORIST — PERHAPS — BUT *Roads* "CRAZY." £9: W. H. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool: OUT OF SCHOOL — "COWBOYS" — HOLD "HORSES," MOTORIST! £8: N. Watt, 64 Broadgate, Preston, Lancs: PUT SAFETY FIRST AND—*Deny* DEATH—DON'T *Defy*! £7: E. Kay, 15 Clay Street, Gorton, Manchester: LAPPING UP THE BEDTIME — STORY — MILK GOING *Slowly*. £6: H. W. Moore, Room 207 (ESE), 44 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1: GROPING IN THE DARK—FOR SEATS, BUT *Ices*—! £5: W. Butterworth, 5 Leamington Street, Rochdale: MAN WITH A WHISTLE—MAKES *Life* "WAG TAIL." £5: E. Summerson, 116 Dunelm Road South, Thornley, Co., Durham: NICE, COSY CHAT—"WHY, THAT'S *Biology*, DAD!"

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £1 and 2,000 Souvenir Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 21, and in JOHN BULL dated November 28), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 14, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,909 result.)

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First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 859

1. Band can help in getting people to
5. You may get two or three on a big, public building
8. Players soon get accustomed to short ones
9. Despite a detective's efforts to do this for information, he may fail to catch his man
12. Is often strikingly colourful
15. These from neglected garden next-door are troublesome things
16. You get piles of things heaped on to

Down Clues

2. Theatrical producer may find it possible to cut it
3. Can be more useful than ornamental
4. There's many a lonely old lady who would hate to be without
6. Describes the stuff that sometimes falls down chimney
7. Boxer is sometimes capable of winning them without receiving much punishment
10. Sometimes one can bring certain amount of relief to a person
11. Good sport will do this without any fuss
13. Your good, responsible workman does not like losing
14. Typist likes this to leave generous margin

XWORD 856 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hole. 3, Pace. 7, Don. 8, Nosy. 11, Guns. 13, Spivs. 14, Pipe. DOWN: 2, Lamb. 3, Peers. 4, Hand. 5, Roots. 6, Codger. 9, Jaw. 10, Arms. 12, Ace.

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1,909 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 2

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Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues=8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry needing not more than 8s. entry-fee.

Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ONE WEEK ONLY to post this week's coupon — last week's entry-form may be enclosed.

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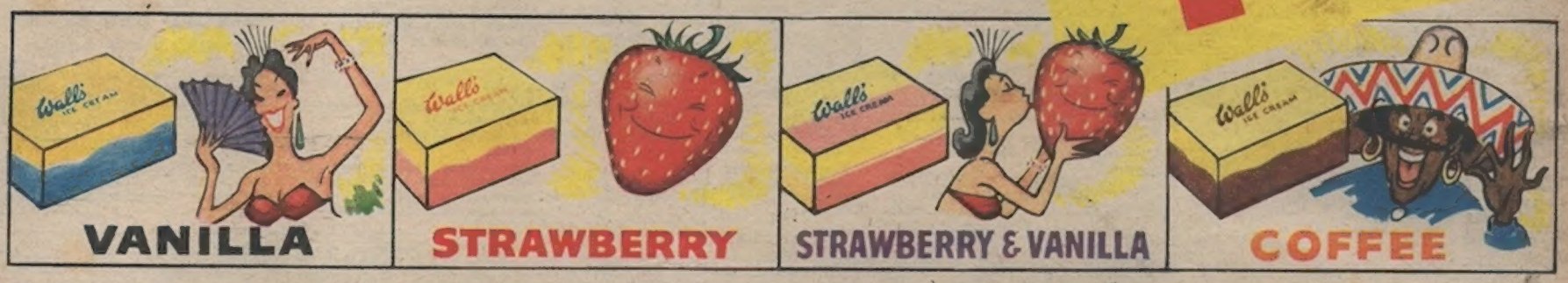

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